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TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

35th Annual Reunion

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association

Portland, June 19th, 1907

CONTAINING THE

Annual Address by George H. Himes, 1853

OF PORTLAND

Secretary of the Oregon Pioneer Association since 1886

—— AND ——

Proceedings of the Twenty-Second
Grand Encampment of Indian War Veterans
of the North Pacific Coast

—— AND ——

Other Matters of Historic Interest

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Burton Hist. Coll.
2-16-1926

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Portland, Oregon, March 11, 1907.

The Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met in the Labbe Building, at the rooms of Hon. M. C. George, 1851, President, at 4 P. M., to arrange for the Annual Reunion of 1907—the thirty-fifth.

Present: Hon. M. C. George, 1851, Portland, President; Joseph D. Lee, 1848, Portland, Vice-President; George H. Himes, 1853, Portland, Secretary; Robert A. Miller, 1854, Portland, Corresponding Secretary; J. E. Magers, 1852, Portland, and Frederick V. Holman, 1854, Portland, Directors.

The minutes of the last annual meeting were read and approved.

An order of business was submitted and, upon motion of Mr. Himes, was adopted, as follows:

1. Selection of place of meeting.

2. Selection of speaker for the annual address.

3. Selection of Grand Chaplain.

4. Selection of Grand Marshal.

5. Appointment of Committees: (a) Committee of Arrangements; (b) Finance Committee; (c) Committee on Building and Music; (d) Committee on Invitations; (e) Committee on Transportation; (f) Reception Committee;

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(g) selection of Chairman of Woman's Auxiliary Committee.

The matter of the date was discussed at some length, and upon motion of J. E. Magers, seconded by George H. Himes, it was decided that June 19 should be fixed as the date of the reunion.

On motion of Director Magers, seconded by Robert A. Miller, Portland was chosen as the place for holding the next reunion.

On motion of Frederick V. Holman, seconded by J. E. Magers, George H. Himes, Secretary of the Association since 1886, was selected to give the Annual Address.

Rev. Isaac D. Driver, 1849, Albany, was chosen as the Grand Chaplain.

Joseph Buchtel, 1852, was selected as Grand Marshal, with power to choose his own aides.

On motion of Mr. Himes, seconded by Mr. Lee, Mrs. Charlotte M. Cartwright, 1845, was selected as Chairman of the Woman's Auxiliary, with power to select her own assistants.

On motion of Mr. Magers, it was voted that Messrs. Himes, Lee and Holman should be the Committee on Finance.

On motion, it was voted that the Committee of Arrangements should be composed of Mr. Himes, Mr. Magers, Mr. Minto and Mr. Miller.

It was voted that the Reception Committee should be made up of the full Board of Directors, the Marshal and such aides as he might select.

Secretary Himes was appointed the Committee on Transportation, also the Committee on Invitations.

The matter of securing a place of meeting and suitable music, and all other matters, were referred to the Committee of Arrangements.

The Secretary was authorized to have one thousand copies of the Annual Transactions of 1907 printed, and also such envelopes, letterheads, badges, programmes, announcements, etc., as in his judgment might be necessary.

No further business appearing, the Board adjourned.

GEORGE H. HIMES, Secretary.

THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL REUNION.

Portland, Oregon, Wednesday, June 19, 1907.

The good, gray army of Oregon pioneers came down upon Portland today and the city capitulated gladly and without question of terms to the men and women whose valiant striving in the trying times made the present greatness of the commonwealth possible. It was the annual reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association, which consists partly of business sessions, but more largely of social sessions, for the purpose of exchanging reminiscences of the long ago and partaking of good cheer provided under the auspices of the Pioneer Woman's Auxiliary of Portland, assisted by the daughters of pioneers.

A little older, a little more bent, but nearly as full as ever of the zest of life, the pioneers came again to recount among themselves and to their children and their children's children the brave stories of the heroic epoch of Oregon's history. There was no lack of enthusiasm nor energy displayed, however, and the impression left with those who mingled with them that they are marvelously well preserved and energetic, and that for many years the Pioneers' Reunion will be an annual feature.

Twelve hundred and twenty-two of them sat down to the banquet spread in the Armory, and more than that number attended the sessions of the day. In point of years they ranged from a fine old patriarch who lives at Astoria and was born in 1818, to the "kids" like T. T. Geer and George H. Himes, who are still comparatively young men. One old lady who boasted of her 81 years did a very sprightly

double-shuffle for the benefit of a few friends while they were waiting for the regular proceedings.

The campfire in the evening was perhaps the most interesting affair of the kind ever held in the state, the principal features of which were the appearance on the platform of Joaquin Miller, the "Poet of the Sierras," who made an address and sang a missionary hymn in Chinook jargon, and the plea of Cyrus H. Walker, that this jargon be revived as an universal language.

According to Secretary Himes, the attendance, with one exception, was the largest in the history of the organization, which is remarkable considering the fact that the average age of the pioneers was sixty-seven years. The Indian War Veterans were there in force, and occasionally one found the bronze button of the G. A. R. It was significant of the fact that the pioneers are old beyond the average expectancy, and that these men who served in the Civil War were all decidedly of the younger element and appeared almost youthful beside most of the men who came here in the '40s and early '50s to carve a state out of the wilderness.

The mothers of the Pacific Northwest were there in force, also, most of them hale and hearty old ladies whose appearance might well shame that of the present-day leaders among their sex. All who came, whatever their story and whenever they came, were accorded the heartiest welcome by their fellows, and everybody had a good time.

Shortly after the noon hour hundreds of members of the Association began to assemble at the Armory. At 2 o'clock nearly 3,000 people were seated in the big hall.

Grand Marshal Joseph Buchtel, of the general reception committee; Secretary George H. Himes, Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, chairman of the Woman's Auxiliary, and the women's reception committee received the pioneers and their wives as they arrived. They were assisted by members of the general reception committee, as follows: Penumbra Kelly, H. W. Prettyman, N. H. Bird, E. J. Jeffery, James W. Partlow, Eugene D. White, J. E. Magers, Judge William Galloway, ex-Governor T. T. Geer, ex-Governor Z. F. Moody, Frederick V. Holman, John McCraken, John C. Carson, George L. Story, J. D. Lee and Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, chairman of the Woman's Auxiliary, assisted by Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway, Mrs. Daniel O'Neill, Mrs. Maria L. Myrick, Mrs. George A. Harding, Mrs. O. N. Denny, Mrs. B. H. Bowman, Mrs. R. B. Wilson, Mrs. P. Selling, Mrs. Theodore Wygant, Mrs. Matthew P. Deady, Mrs. Elizabeth Lord, Mrs. Elizabeth M. Wilson and Mrs. Josephine Devore Johnson.

Cheery greetings were tendered the visitors as they entered. The pioneers gathered in knots about the hall and exchanged greetings. Cordiality was expressed on each countenance.

Vice-President J. D. Lee called the Association to order in the absence of President M. C. George, who was ill. His gavel fell at 2:30 o'clock and the programme was opened with a prayer, for those nearing the sunset of life by Rev. John Flinn, 1850, of Portland, acting Chaplain of the Association, Rev. I. D. Driver, the duly appointed Chaplain, being unable to be present. Mr. Flinn is in his 90th year.

Mayor Lane was introduced, and in his address gave the

pioneers a hearty welcome to the city. The visitors had been sweltering in the heat of the poorly-ventilated room, and the Mayor also appeared warm.

"I am of the opinion that more pioneers will perish in the heat of this ungainly room than succumbed to the heat of the desert in the trip across the plains years ago," he said. "I regret that there is not a better building for your entertainment, and hope to see Portland erect a suitable structure soon for such a large gathering as the annual reunion of the pioneers. I consider it a sacred duty on the part of the city to provide a decent building.

"This gathering occupies a unique position. No people in the world took such a trip and terminated their travels in so grand a country. There is no end to the romantic interest in the pioneers, because they struck into the unknown and opened up the fairest and greatest section of the United States. After fifty years, the world has discovered what we have here."

The Mayor then again extended a hearty welcome to the pioneers. Vice-President Lee responded in a felicitous manner.

Before taking up the programme, Vice-President Lee announced the following Committee on Resolutions: T. T. Geer, F. H. Grubbs, J. E. Magers.

"A Matrimonial Story," a recitation, was rendered by Miss Della Bradley, as the next number on the programme. Parsons' Orchestra played a few appropriate selections. Professor Z. M. Parvin and Mrs. Julia Ramsey and choir, composed of Miss Lucy A. Latourette, Miss Newgent and

sister, Miss Vandemar, Messrs. G. T. Howard, E. A. Fairchild and Alvord, sang "Columbia's Banner."

The annual address by George H. Himes, Secretary of the Association, giving "An Account of Crossing the Plains in 1853, and the First Trip by Immigrants through the Cascade Mountains North of Mt. Rainier," by special request of the author was not read, but ordered printed in the Transactions.

After another song by Professor Parvin and choir, Miss Newgent and choir rendered a song written for the occasion by Rob Roy Parrish, of Independence, Oregon, Professor Parvin composing the music. It was "Our Good Old Pioneers," and was received with applause. After the rendering of "America," by the orchestra, Rev. John Flinn pronounced the benediction.

The programme was shortened somewhat on account of the overheated hall.

After an hour's chat in the corridors and outside the building, Marshal Joseph Buchtel and the general reception committee conducted the pioneers and their wives to the banquet hall.

In many ways it was a remarkable banquet that was served to the members of the Oregon Pioneer Association by the Woman's Auxiliary of that organization in the drill hall of the Armory. Probably nowhere else in the world than on the Pacific Coast could 1,250 persons bound together by such peculiar ties and of such extraordinary experiences, stretching over a period of half a century or more, be assembled around one board.

Many of those who sat down to the feast were over 80 years of age, and there were few under 60—grizzled old trail-blazers and their aged wives, all happy and smiling and all served with the choicest of viands by their daughters and granddaughters, and in some instances their great granddaughters. They were the empire builders of the Pacific Northwest, and for the hour the honored guests of their children and their children's children. To these men and women who half a century ago, more or less, toiled tediously "across the plains" with "prairie schooner" and ox teams, cooking their scanty fare over campfires, an elaborate feast of six courses was brought, part of it in a honking automobile, direct from the big ranges of a modern hotel, and while they ate, instead of the redskin's blood-curdling warwhoop or the dismal howl of the prairie wolf, they heard the sweet strains of a modern orchestra. Their feast was spread in a great hall that stood where many of them had seen standing the great trees of the primeval forest, long since hewn away to make room for a metropolitan community, and they had just come from a splendid building of marble and sandstone, the capitol of a city some of them helped to found when they cut away the first trees and built the first rude cabins.

These were some of the thoughts that mingled with the reminiscences of the pioneers as they sat at the flower-adorned board. But to those who viewed the scene from the Armory balcony, and saw the 1,250 guests seated, splendidly served and sent on their way rejoicing, the gallant old men, each with a rose in his coat lapel, and the smiling, snowy-haired women, each with a cluster of roses in her girdle, all within the period of less than an hour, there was much to marvel at in how it was done.

To serve more than a thousand people with a dinner of six courses is at no time a small undertaking, and had there been a less perfect organization, or a whit less of fond eagerness to anticipate every wish of the old folks, on the part of the girls and women who served them, there must have resulted much confusion. So thoroughly, however, had the women who had the arrangements in charge thought out all the details and planned against every emergency, that the multitude was fed without the slightest hitch or halt.

There were nineteen long tables, each with a seating capacity of seventy-two. Upon each table were scattered flowers, and at every plate lay a rose; tall vases, each with its bouquet of blossoms, were placed four feet apart on each table, each table having its own pretty color scheme, and great baskets of flowers and ferns hung from the ceiling. At ten different booths the viands were dished up systematically, and four girls, under the supervision of two women, served each table.

Long before the hour for the banquet the pioneers were gathered in the big hallway leading to the banquet hall, and when the rope at the double doors was dropped, at a signal from George H. Himes, Secretary of the Association, there was a merry rush for the tables. Within a few minutes all had been systematically seated and the big feast was on. Boys carried in great boilers of steaming coffee, and pretty girls in white, with many pleasantries, served it from pitchers. Twenty big Chinook salmon, which had been rushed from the giant oven of the Oregon Grill range, baked whole and steaming hot, had been carved into individual portions, and soon were on their way to refresh the

inner man of the pioneers. More than sixty gallons of potato salad went for the same purpose, and heaps of three varieties of cold meat, including thirty-five large hams, also disappeared.

Many big scoops of bonbons and sixty gallons of pink-and-white striped ice cream went like the proverbial hot-cake, attesting to the "sweet tooth" of those who had shed all others. Pies, cakes and other goodies were devoured with like alacrity, and when all was done there remained little to be cleared away save the dishes.

IN CHARGE OF BANQUET.

General Chairman—Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, with power to act.

Secretary-Treasurer—Miss Mollie Burke.

Table Committee—Mrs. Benton Killin, chairman; Mrs. D. P. Thompson, assistant.

Table No. 1—Mrs. John Gill, Mrs. J. K. Gill; assistants, Mrs. Lena Dekum Strain, Mrs. Horace S. Butterfield, Miss Frances Gill, Mrs. Nellie Waltz Gill.

Table No. 2—Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, Mrs. Henry C. Cabel; assistants, Mrs. W. L. Brewster, Mrs. G. B. Story, Miss Genevieve Parke.

Table No. 3—Mrs. James W. Cook, Mrs. A. B. Croasman; assistants, Miss Jessie Farrell, Miss Clarissa Wiley, Mrs. W. W. Harder, Miss Eula Frances McCully.

Table No. 4—Mrs. P. L. Willis, Mrs. M. A. M. Ashley; assistants, Mrs. C. W. Sherman, Mrs. Ellsworth, Miss Elva Humason, Miss Lucy Williams.

Table No. 5—Mrs. Harriet K. McArthur, Mrs. George Taylor; assistants, Miss Nesmith, Mrs. I. L. Patterson, Miss Agnes Catlin, Miss Margaret Catlin.

Table No. 6—Mrs. Irving W. Pratt, Mrs. George H. Himes; assistants, Mrs. Harold G. Rice, Miss Gertrude Pratt, Mrs. Gwyllum Jones, Miss Maude Upton Scott.

Table No. 7—Miss Clara Teal, Mrs. A. Meier; assistants, Mrs. George Russell, Miss Sarah Harker, Mrs. Leon Hirsch, Mrs. F. Steinhart.

Table No. 8—Mrs. L. A. Lewis, Miss Sallie Lewis; assistants, Miss C. Flanders, Miss Lou Flanders, Mrs. A. Minor, Miss Frances Lewis.

Table No. 9—Mrs. W. E. Robertson, Mrs. Frank M. Warren; assistants, Miss Nan Robertson, Miss Caroline Burns, Miss Frances Warren, Miss Rhoda Failing.

Table No. 10—Mrs. J. C. Moreland, Mrs. W. D. Fenton; assistants, Mrs. Willard Jones, Miss Anice Jones, Miss Millie Strowbridge, Mrs. Albert L. Lucas.

Table No. 11.—Mrs. H. H. Northup, Mrs. Tyler Woodward; assistants, Miss Mildred Cooper, Miss Annie B. Shelby, Miss Della Ross, Miss Viva Tull.

Table No. 12—Mrs. P. J. Mann, Mrs. W. R. Sewall; assistants, Miss Caroline Kamm, Miss Maida Hart, Miss Florence Williams, Miss Florence George.

Table No. 13—Mrs. Grace Watt Ross, Mrs. Milton W. Smith; assistants, Miss Agnes Watt, Miss Mary S. Barlow, Miss Josephine Smith.

Table No. 14—Mrs. S. B. Linthicum, Miss Clementine Wilson; assistants, Miss V. Wilson, Mrs. E. H. Brooke.

Table No. 15—Mrs. George W. Weidler, Mrs. John McCraken; assistants, Miss Weidler, Miss Lottie Sherlock, Mrs. Hattie Pratt, Miss H. Weidler.

Table No. 16—Mrs. George H. Lamberson, Mrs. P. W. Gillette; assistants, Mrs. S. T. Lockwood, Mrs. G. W. Bates, Miss Meussdorffer, Miss Grace Lamberson.

Table No. 17—Mrs. H. B. Nicholas, Mrs. Edward E. McClure; assistants, Miss Beulah Nicholas, Mrs. I. M. Stevens, Mrs. J. C. Stanford, Miss Jean McClure.

Table No. 18—Mrs. James P. Moffett, Mrs. June McMillen Ordway; assistants, Mrs. E. W. Spencer, Miss Fay C. Himes, Miss Charlotte Flinn, Miss Villa Humason.

Table No. 19—Mrs. H. S. Gile, Miss Kate Holman; assistants, Miss Rankin, Miss K. Gile, Miss Margaretta Wiley, Mrs. George D. Chamberlain.

Committee on Supplies: Booth No. 1 (bread and cake) —Miss Nannie E. Taylor, chairman; Miss Annie Cremen, Miss Nellie Lambert; Mrs. S. E. Harker, Mrs. D. W. Taylor; assistants, Miss Hildegarde Plummer, Miss Agnes Kelly, Miss Linley Morton, Miss Imogen Raffety.

Booth No. 2 (meats, fish, and salad)—Mrs. John W. Minto, chairman; Mrs. Herbert Holman, Mrs. A. L. Pease,

Mrs. Harry Coleman, Mrs. D. McLauchlan, Mrs. A. D. Charlton, Mrs. John H. Burgard, Mrs. George Campbell, Mrs. Samuel A. Herring, Mrs. D. W. Campbell, Mrs. T. B. Howes, Mrs. J. W. Morrow.

Booth No. 3 (ice cream, milk, cream and butter)—Mrs. C. Vantine, Mrs. Alexander Muir, Mrs. G. Frank Moffett.

Booth No. 4—Miss Mary McKay, Mrs. E. A. Breyman, Miss Etta Breyman.

Booth No. 5—Mrs. Clara Watt Morton, Miss Etta Wrenn.

Booth No. 6—Mrs. Albert Brown, Mrs. E. Brown.

Rose Booth—Mrs. James P. Moffett, chairman; Miss Grace Gearin, Miss MacEwan, Miss Mildred F. Himes.

Reserve Table No. 1—Mrs. Robert Porter, Miss Myrtle Moffett, Mrs. E. F. Humason.

Reserve Table No. 2—Mrs. Charles Holman, Mrs. T. T. Struble, Miss Caroline Holman, Miss Leola Struble.

Decorating Committee—Mrs. James P. Moffett, chairman.

Aides—George Freeman, Lewis Freeman, Robert Marsh, Simeon R. Winch, M. McClure, Preston W. Gillette, Miss Margaret Malarkey.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The business session of the annual meeting commenced at 7:30 o'clock in the upper hall of the Armory, Vice-Pres-

ident Lee presiding. The annual election resulted as follows:

President, J. D. Lee, 1848, Portland; Vice-President, J. E. Magers, 1852, Portland; Secretary, for his twenty-third consecutive year, George H. Himes, 1853, of Portland; Corresponding Secretary, Robert A. Miller, 1854, Portland; Treasurer, Charles E. Ladd, 1857, Portland.

Directors—Cyrus H. Walker, 1838, Albany; P. H. D'Arcy, 1858, Salem; Jacob Gulliford, 1852, Dufur, Wasco County.

The resolution offered at the last annual meeting by Joseph Buchtel, giving notice of an amendment to the constitution of the Association, "To the effect that the annual addresses prescribed by the constitution should not hereafter be delivered as public addresses, but published in the Annual Transactions," was called up.

The reason for offering this amendment, Mr. Buchtel stated, was that in a large number of cases advancing years had made it impossible for the Pioneers to hear the addresses, and on that account they were not especially interested, and naturally would prefer to spend the time allotted for addresses in social intercourse and renewing old acquaintanceship.

Mr. Frederick V. Holman opposed Mr. Buchtel's view, and argued that it was exceedingly important, in view of the historical significance of the Pioneer movement, that addresses relating to it should be prepared annually.

To this Mr. Buchtel agreed, but urged that to print the addresses in the Annual Transactions served every purpose.

Upon being put to vote the resolution was adopted by 141 to 31.

Association then adjourned.

CAMP FIRE.

The pioneers held a campfire in the dance hall of the Armory at 8:30 o'clock P. M., which closed their annual reunion. Over 1,500 people attended. The evening was spent in a most enjoyable manner.

Joaquin Miller was a visitor and the pioneers insisted that he take a place on the platform, where he was in great demand to participate in the programme. Robert A. Miller, 1854, presided. After a selection by Parsons' Orchestra, "Vive La America" was sung by G. T. Howard and chorus, the music being by Professor Z. M. Parvin.

Joaquin Miller was called upon, and was introduced by President Lee in "Chinook wawa." He made a short address, then sang "Kah-o-kah Mitlite Moses," in the jargon that was used by the Hudson's Bay Company's traders in dealing with the Indians. All the pioneers understood the language, and prolonged applause greeted the poet's rendering of the selection, which, in English, is called "Where Now Is Good Old Moses," etc.

Miss Minnie M. Bode then gave a recitation of her own composition called "A Pioneer Tale." It dealt with the social side of early Western life, and was a pronounced success with the audience.

Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway told the audience of Joaquin Miller's poems and recited a verse of his "Mothers of

Men" in Chinook jargon. In reference to the poem she made a short talk, saying that the woman who did not like men was no good and missed her destiny, and the same about the man who did not like women.

Solos, "Bird Notes," and "When This Old Town Was New," were rendered by Mrs. Fred L. Olson. Accompanist, Mrs. Howard Waddell. Words by Mrs. June McMillen Ordway.

'Twas "Westward Ho!" in days gone by,
  Then ev'ry one was kind;
They longed for friends so far away,
  Dear ones they'd left behind.
Willamette was a purling rill,
Old Hood was then a little hill;
On Sundays all wore working clothes
 And never trod their neighbor's toes,
  When this old town was new.

With cheerful hearts they toiled along,
  Each man a brother seemed;
Along their rough and thorny path
  The gold dust often gleamed.
Some would go without a hat,
But always wore a big cravat;
They wore their hair a tangled frowse,
And lovers then drove up the cows,
  When this old town was new.

They cut the trail thro' fir and pine
  For you who're here today;
They knew the way thro' hardships then,
  And all knew how to pray.
They came across in schooners wide,
All dressed in deer and beaver hide;
They had no Exposition then,
 But chased the frisky prairie hen,
  When this old town was new.

Cyrus H. Walker, the oldest living native son of American parentage, who was born at the Whitman Mission, six miles west of Walla Walla, now in the State of Washington, December 7, 1838, was a lively speaker. He made a plea for a revival of the Chinook jargon as an every-day language, and the programme was closed by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" by the audience.

Most of the pioneers and those accompanying them to the reunion remained over in the city for the Rose Festival.

The Committee on Resolutions submitted the following report, which was unanimously adopted:

At this joyous season we wish to remember with affection those who in former years joined with us in these festivities, and in pioneer reminiscences and good-fellowship, who since our last reunion have passed to the realms of shade, but who remain with us as a fragrant memory that pervades all our hearts.

Resolved, That the thanks of the Pioneers are due and are hereby expressed to Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, Chairman of the Pioneer Woman's Auxiliary of Portland, and her able corps of assistants, for the preparation each year of the magnificent spread in the dining hall, realizing, as we do, the immense amount of labor it involves, without charge or compensation aside from a desire to honor the state builders, to whom so much is due for the development of the great commonwealth in which we live.

Resolved, That the Pioneers present hereby send greetings to the Pioneers of the state who are not in the habit of attending these annual reunions, and extend to them an urgent request to attend the annual reunions hereafter, so that their old friends may meet and greet them, and a more intimate fellowship among all the Pioneers of the state be established.

Resolved, That we sincerely regret the illness of our distinguished president, Hon. M. C. George, which made his presence with us today impossible, and he has our united hope for his speedy restoration to good health.

T. T. GEER,
F. H. GRUBBS,
J. E. MAGERS,
Committee.

MEETING OF SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF OREGON PIONEERS.

More than 150 members of the Sons and Daughters of Oregon Pioneers were present at the various meetings of this organization. The old officers were re-elected for another year, as follows: President, Judge M. C. George; Vice-President, John W. Minto; Secretary, Mrs. I. W. Pratt; Treasurer and Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton. Mr. Minto and Mrs. A. B. Croasman were elected for five years to fill two vacancies in the Board of Directors.

NOTES.

There is no record of the charter members of the Pioneer Association, which was organized in 1873. So far as the records of the Association show, only three of the men who attended the first annual meeting of the Association are living. They are: Hon. F. X. Matthieu, of Butteville, who was the first president of the Association and a member of the convention that established Oregon's territorial government; Hon. L. F. Grover, of this city, a former Governor of the state, and at one time United States Senator, and Hon. John Minto, of Salem. Surviving members who took part in the reunion of the Association in 1875 are: George P. Holman, of Salt Lake; C. A. Reed, John W. Minto, and Mrs. Clara Watt-Morton, of Portland; Mrs. J. F. Miller and Mrs. Werner Breyman, of Salem, and Mrs. B. H. Bowman, of Troutdale. George A. Barnes, who came to Oregon from Indiana in 1848, is now residing at Olympia, Washington. He was a member of the first City Council in Portland, being elected to that office April 7, 1851.

One of the oldest pioneers in point of residence in this state, who attended the reunion is Mrs. Harriett Matt, of Gervais, Marion County. Mrs. Matt was born at Fort Vancouver in 1839, and has resided all of her life in the state, her father having for many years been employed by Dr. John McLoughlin.

Another of the early settlers who participated in the exercises is William Abernethy, of Coos County, son of George Abernethy, the first provisional Governor of the state. For the last three years Mr. Abernethy has been residing temporarily at Forest Grove, where his children are attending Pacific University. Mr. Abernethy left New York State for the Pacific Coast in 1839. At that time there were no trails across the plains and he and his parents were members of a party that was sent by the Methodist Mission as recruits to the forces in Oregon. They came via Cape Horn on a full-rigged ship, the *Lausanne,* and brought with them all necessary supplies, including clothing and farm implements, for these articles could not be procured here. The Abernethy family located near Oregon City.

One of the most vigorous specimens of the pioneer family that has gathered in Portland is J. A. Paulsell, of Mt. Tabor, who is 91 years of age. He has lived in Oregon since 1851. Mr. Paulsell was a native of the State of Indiana and served for twenty-five continuous years in the Fourth United States Infantry, enlisting at Indianapolis when 18 years of age. During his military career he saw service under General Zachary Taylor with the first troops to cross the Rio Grande. These troops also operated in Mexico and in California during the gold excitement in 1849, and afterwards took part in engagements in this state,

where Mr. Paulsell located after leaving the army service. He still owns the flint and steel he made in 1834 and will show his friends today how they were used in the days gone by.

"While serving under General William S. Harney some one robbed me of my overcoat," said Paulsell at the Historical Society rooms. "I reported the theft to the commanding officer, who told me he could not supply me with another garment. I asked him what I should do and he told me to steal the first man's overcoat I had a chance to. Well, it happened a few days later that I found the General's overcoat at the tent, and, unseen by any of the other soldiers, I took the garment. Later in the day the owner, who had been informed of the disappearance of his coat, saw me wearing it and told me he would have something to say to me at dress parade the next day.

"Sure enough, when we had assembled in line, the General, mounted on his horse, came riding up in front of my company and said:

" 'Paulsell, advance ten steps.'

"I did as I had been commanded.

" 'Where did you get that coat,' inquired the General.

" 'I stole it, sir,' was my reply.

" 'Why did you steal it?' thundered the officer.

" 'Because, as a soldier, I was merely striving to obey the orders of my superior officer,' I retorted.

" 'Members of the company,' shouted the General, 'hereafter this man will be known only as Jack Shepard.'

"And it is a fact that for the remaining five years I served with the Regular Army that name stuck to me."

TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL MEETING OF INDIAN WAR VETERANS.

Portland, Oregon, Tuesday, June 18, 1907.

The twenty-second annual meeting of the Grand Encampment of the Indian War Veterans of the North Pacific Coast was held today in the Woodmen of the World Hall. Despite the fact that each reunion sees a gradual thinning of the ranks of this organization, the enthusiasm attendant upon the gathering of these venerable warriors continues undiminished. Many of these survivors take this occasion to renew old friendships and live over again the stirring times that are gone.

At the executive session the following officers were elected for the coming year: Grand Commander, A. G. Lloyd; Senior Vice-Commander, A. B. Stuart; Junior Vice-Commander, Edward Ross; Grand Adjutant, Otto Kleeman; Grand Paymaster, Charles Chambreau; Grand Chaplain, W. D. Ewing; Grand Marshal, John Storan.

The afternoon session was called to order at 2 P. M. Mayor Harry Lane was asked to address the assemblage, and his appearance was the signal for applause. He welcomed the veterans to the city and spoke of their efforts in defending the early settlements from Indian raids.

He told several humorous incidents concerning members of his family who were Indian fighters, and the mention of his grandfather, the pioneer Joseph Lane, was the occasion for cheers.

At the conclusion of his address Mayor Lane was ten-

dered an informal reception, many of the old Indian fighters pressing forward to shake his hand.

The Veterans' Quartet, made up of aged pioneers, sang an old-time song, "The Jolliest Boys Alive," which was applauded, after which Miss Hazel Hoopengarner entertained the audience with a humorous recitation, "The Irish Mother." A vocal solo by Miss Stella Watson, "Silver Threads Among the Gold," was warmly received. She responded to an encore with "The Girl That Is Born on an April Day." A second selection, "The Old Days of the War," was sung by the Veteran Quartet.

A communication from Mr. James McDonald, relative to the state's action with regard to Indian War Veterans' claims, was not read on account of lack of time, but Grand Commander Mount stated the nature of the contents of the paper and explained that claims not presented within two years would not be allowed by the state.

The work of electing officers for the coming term was then proceeded with. A. G. Lloyd, who was elected Grand Commander, vice H. D. Mount, is a resident of Waitsburg, Wash. He is a veteran of several Indian wars and has always been prominent in the affairs of the Indian War Veterans, having held the office of Senior Vice-Commander during the past two years. His election as Grand Commander is approved by the entire organization, and by resolution was made unanimous.

H. D. Mount, who resigns the office of Grand Commander, after serving a period of two years, is an old pioneer. He came to Oregon in 1851. Soon after he went to Yreka, Cal., and engaged in mining. He fought the In-

dians in that region under Ben Wright. He is the father of a family of fourteen. One of his sons is Judge Wallace Mount, Justice of the Supreme Court of Washington.

Much of the morning session was devoted to visiting by the veterans. The death of George W. Olds, a veteran of the Indian wars of 1855-56, who died suddenly on the train while en route to Portland, marred the pleasure of the occasion somewhat, and lent additional pathos to the reading of the roll of departed members. Since the last encampment twenty-seven veterans have passed away. Their names are:

George W. Olds, Hiram Woods, Murphy Brown, William Walter, Samuel Delgrave, Richard R. Richardson, Eli Stout, Marlin Barker, Henry Woods, Samuel Wilson, J. N. Knight, Henry Molls, Mrs. Mary Hathaway, John M. Lauderbach, Samuel Palmateer, Tobias Deardorff, Henry Yokum, Edward Lee, Thomas Riggs, William Riley, David Long, A. F. Johnson, Lieutenant James McAuliff, Mitchell Ingram, John Hutton, Jonathan Gerow and William S. King.

The Grand Encampment was called to order at 11 o'clock. Grand Commander Mount presided. It was announced that a lot had been purchased in Riverview Cemetery, and hereafter members of the organization will be buried there. It is also proposed to erect a monument on this lot to perpetuate the memory of these veterans of Indian Wars, and a vote of thanks was extended to Grand Adjutant Kleeman for his efforts in procuring this lot.

Judge J. N. Skidmore made a short speech, in which he stated he is confident that Indian War Veterans' pensions

would be increased to $12 per month if properly brought to the attention of Congress. At the afternoon session this question was again taken up and a petition to Oregon's representatives in Congress prepared and unanimously acted upon.

Thomas Maloney, in an eloquent address, advocated that a monument be placed over the grave of Thomas A. Wood, as an acknowledgment of his efforts in behalf of the veterans while Grand Commander. Mr. Maloney's suggestion was favorably received and a committee was appointed to take charge of the matter.

John Minto, of Salem, presented a resolution protesting against the present policy governing the disposition of public lands in Oregon. He declared this land should be held exclusively for the settlement and use of homesteaders and should not be allowed to pass into the control of corporations and syndicates; that Congress be memorialized to provide that the Indian War Veterans be allowed the use of certain tracts which had been wrested from the Indians in the early wars. The memorial was unanimously adopted.

At the conclusion of the morning session the Encampment adjourned to attend the banquet provided by the Sons and Daughters of Indian War Veterans. Two hundred veterans enjoyed the hospitality of this organization.

ANNUAL ADDRESS.

An Account of Crossing the Plains in 1853, and of the First Trip by Immigrants Through the Cascade Mountains, via Natchess Pass.

By Geo. H. Himes, One of the Company.

Fellow Pioneers, Ladies and Gentlemen: For the thirty-fifth time we have assembled for the purpose of holding our annual reunion, and at no period of our past history as pioneers have the conditions of our Nation, our state and this beautiful city been more auspicious than at the present moment. But time must not be taken to review these conditions now. For the twentieth time we find ourselves in this city in response to the most cordial standing invitation of its citizens, large numbers of whom think that there is "nothing too good for pioneers." And I am sure that I voice the sentiments of all present when I say that "there is nothing too good for the people of Portland," particularly the pioneer ladies and their numerous friends.

Before proceeding with my address I hope you will pardon me for indulging in a little reminiscence. There is a gentleman in this city, and I expect he is in this audience, who was in Oregon City just sixty years ago. He was at church there one Sunday, and after the service the minister said to him: "Chauncey, there is a little village or hamlet down the river fourteen or fifteen miles, called Portland, and I wish you would take my horse and ride down there tomorrow morning, look over the place, get acquainted with the people, and, if you think it advisable, make an appointment for me to preach there two weeks from today."

Accordingly, "Chauncey," who is Rev. C. O. Hosford, of this city, a pioneer of 1845, now in his 88th year, rode to a point on the east side of the river opposite this settlement, was conveyed across the stream by "Uncle" Jimmy Stephens in an Indian canoe, and landed at what is now the foot of Stark street. Ascending the bank, he entered what he thought was the finest body of timber he ever saw, and says he has never seen anything finer since. Looking southward he saw an opening in the woods, and he went to it, crawling under and climbing over logs. There he found scattered

about fourteen log cabins, and a number of families, among them the families of Pettygrove, Terwilliger and McNamee, names familiar to us all.

Representatives of the two last-named families are at this reunion today, and one of them is Mrs. Charlotte Terwilliger Cartwright, who has been chairman of the Woman's Auxiliary for a number of years, and who is recognized as one of the most devoted among pioneer women.

Mr. Hosford called upon every person, asked permission to read the Scriptures and offer prayer, and, finding that a religious service would be appreciated, made an appointment for Rev. William Roberts, superintendent of the Methodist Mission on the Pacific Coast, to preach on the second Sunday following, and that was the first religious service in Portland.

In the earlier days of the life of this Association it was the rule that the speaker should confine himself to giving an account of the immigration of some one year; hence, since I crossed the plains in 1853, what I have to say will relate mainly to events of that year in connection with the company of which my father's family was a part, particular reference being made to the latter part of the journey.

In these latter days the experiences that were encountered by those who "crossed the plains" can hardly be understood. Even to many of those who made the arduous journey the events of the trip, when reviewed from the distance of fifty years, seem like a series of dreams.

Especially is this true when the wonderful development in transportation facilities during the intervening years is taken into account. Then, indeed, the pioneer says to himself, "Did I really cross the plains? Can it be true that it took six months for me to come from the Mississippi River to Oregon?" But when it is remembered that to "cross the plains," even as late as 1859, and for some time afterwards, meant this in the larger number of cases—

To leave home, friends, society, and all the surroundings and

influences the human heart holds most dear. with the strong probability that the separation would be final;—to provide teams. and provisions for a continuous journey of five to eight months' duration, with one's objective point more than two thousand miles distant from the base of supplies. through an uninhabited region, occupied by wild beasts and by wilder Indians;—to be without protection other than that afforded by the immigrants traveling together. in order to render mutual assistance in any emergency which might arise;—to cross unfordable rivers in wagon boxes caulked and tarred for the purpose;—to scale mountains, frequently almost impassable;—to depend upon the country traversed for subsistence for teams. it being impossible to carry feed so long a distance;—to be subject to the extremes of storm and sunshine, without the necessary protection;—to be subject to all the diseases human flesh is heir to, without the prospect of relief, as a rule, from the skilled physician or the trained nurse;—to loss of teams by stampeding, poisonous waters. poisonous food. and theft by Indians;—to the endangering of lives of women and children by starvation;—to endure unspeakable sufferings from thirst entailed by many weary miles of travel through a brazen atmosphere over burning sands;—to endure all these trials, and many more;—the whole combining to tax the powers of human endurance to the utmost—then a faint idea may be formed of the experiences that the greater proportion of those who came to make homes in Oregon in the Pioneer days had to undergo. It was by the overcoming of such conditions on the part of the pioneers, thus faintly outlined, which saved the Pacific Northwest to the Union. and laid the foundation for its future greatness in preparing it to become the abiding place for numberless millions of our race.

It has been my privilege, as well as my duty. to interview thousands of pioneers since I was first elected Secretary of this Association twenty-three years ago. and one question invariably asked is this: "What induced you to come to Oregon?" In general the reply can be summed up in a sentence, "We came to better our condition!" And in so doing the pioneers saved the "Oregon country" to the Nation.

In order to show how my father first became interested in Oregon, I may state that in 1838-9 he heard Rev. Samuel Parker,

of Ithaca, N. Y., lecture on Oregon in Troy, Bradford County, Pa. In this he became deeply interested. A little later these lectures were printed in book form and quite widely circulated. One of these books was secured by him and read with great care. As a result, he determined to go to Oregon as soon as he could. Not until 1846, however, was he ready to begin the Westward march. He then had a wife and one child—myself. He went to Illinois that year, expecting to resume the onward journey in 1847, but sickness intervened and prevented him from doing so. After recovery he temporarily gave up the idea of going to Oregon, and made a home in Stark County, Illinois, and established himself in the shoemaking business. As early as 1849, however, he decided that he never would be satisfied to remain permanently in Illinois, and accordingly began planning to start across the plains not later than 1850. In connection with these plans he counseled with a number of persons from the vicinity of Monmouth, Warren County, among them Rev. John E. Murphy, William Murphy, his cousin, Albert W. and Thomas Lucas, Ira F. M. Butler, Squire Whitman, Elijah Davidson and a Mr. Roundtree—all members of the Christian Church—and the feasibility of establishing a college in Oregon in the interest of that denomination was suggested and often discussed.

The first personal recollection I have of Oregon was in connection with hearing that embryo college talked of by these men. A large Mitchell's atlas lay open on the table in our house, and the route to Oregon was pointed out. Frequent reference was made to Dr. Parker's book in order to clear up some point relating to the feasibility of the Western trip and the desirability of the country in respect to home building. The plan for establishing the college, in brief, was this: That all who joined this party should, upon arrival in Oregon, take donation land claims as nearly together as possible, and then set aside a certain number of acres to be reserved as the nucleus of an endowment fund. The entire party taking part in these discussions, with the exception of our family—my father being unable to close up his business matters in time to join the company—came to Oregon in 1850 and 1852 and settled at or near what is now Monmouth, Polk County, the name "Monmouth" being given to the settlement in honor

of Monmouth, Illinois. The arrangement to set aside a certain portion of land for college purposes, as above alluded to, was substantially carried out in 1855, and a school begun at Monmouth a year or two later, which, in process of time, has become the present State Normal School at that place.

Since Rev. Samuel Parker has been referred to, it is proper that a brief statement should be made concerning him. In company with Dr. Marcus Whitman, he started west in 1835, under the direction of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (the foreign missionary society of the Congregational churches of the United States, and the first society of the kind organized in this country), for the purpose of investigating the question of establishing missions among the Oregon Indians. Upon reaching Green River, Parker and Whitman were met by a company of Flathead and Nez Perces Indians, and were so deeply impressed by their friendliness and willingness to learn about the white man's God, that it was agreed that Whitman should return to his home in New York, spend the winter in arousing interest in the projected work, and prepare to start westward early in the spring of the following year, with the needed reinforcements to carry on the missionary work successfully. In the meantime, Dr. Parker came on to Vancouver, arriving there on October 16, was received by Dr. John McLoughlin with many expressions of kindness, and invited to stay for the winter. Accordingly Dr. Parker made his headquarters at Fort Vancouver, and was very busily engaged in exploring the country and making notes about the conditions he found, until June 18, 1836, when he left for Sandwich Islands, being conveyed thither without cost by the kindness of Dr. McLoughlin. After remaining long enough to gain a comprehensive idea of affairs in the islands, he again took ship and arrived at New London, Conn., on May 17, and at Ithaca, N. Y., on May 23, 1837, after an absence of over two years and two months. Dr. Whitman and wife and Rev. H. H. Spalding and wife, accompanied by Mr. William H. Gray, assistant missionary, came out in 1836, as planned on Green River, arriving at Fort Vancouver on September 12.

While my father was greatly disappointed in not being able to

start in 1852 with his old acquaintances, he was ready the following year and left Lafayette, Stark County, Ill., on March 21, 4:00 o'clock P. M., with his wife and four children, three hired men, and one boy, the son of one of the men; also John Dodge, wife and five children, three of them adults.

It may seem curious that my father should begin such a journey as "crossing the plains" at such an hour. The reason was this: Several weeks prior he had set Monday, March 21, 1853, as the day he proposed to start to Oregon; and start he would, even though it might be at "early candle lighting."

We traveled six miles and camped on the edge of a small village. Soon two men came around the camp, apparently impelled by curiosity. Father spoke to them kindly, saying (pointing to our dog), "You are welcome to look around the camp as much as you like, but if you touch anything without my permission that dog will bite you." The men jeered at him, and one said: "We'll touch things if we want to, dog or no dog. If you know what's good for the brute, you'll tie him up." Father saw that the men were slightly intoxicated, and straightway called the attention of a constable, requesting him to take care of them. The request was not heeded, however, and inside of an hour, as they became more intoxicated, they began meddling while my father was absent for a little while, and both were badly bitten. An attempt was made to kill the dog, but father resolutely stood guard over the faithful animal with rifle in hand until the drunken men and their friends were disposed of.

Nothing occurred outside of the ordinary routine of the emigrant's daily experience until we reached Council Bluffs. There we had to wait several days before crossing the Missouri, the ferryboat having been washed away. At length a steamboat hove in sight, bound up stream, and was hailed, and the captain appealed to to take us across the river. This he refused to do, but said that he would return within two days, and that if there were five hundred wagons ready to cross he would stop and ferry them over.

The two days passed, and on the morning of the third day a dim column of smoke was observed by the lookout, indicating that

a steamboat was coming down. Everybody was on the tiptoe of expectancy. A courier was dispatched to the landing and all arrangements for crossing perfected. The price was $2.50 for each wagon and $1 for each span of horses or yoke of cattle. We had two wagons, five yoke of oxen and two span of horses, hence our bill for ferriage was $12. The day passed and the night was far spent before the last of the emigrants were transferred from Iowa soil to the then eastern edge of the Indian country. It was the good fortune of our own little company to have had our turn on the ferry about the middle of the afternoon, hence we drove out two miles or more from the river to a small stream for the first night's camp. As we ascended the bluff from the river, near what is now the present site of Omaha, Mr. Dodge and father were riding on horseback, I was walking alongside the road in the tangled grass, and the teams were a little way ahead. Among other things, Mr. Dodge said, "Himes, do you think this country will ever be settled up?" Father replied at once by saying, "Yes, I think it will be. I should not be surprised to see a fine city here inside of twenty-five years." Dodge, in reply, said, "Well, if I thought that I'd not travel West another mile." Father then said, "Well, if I knew it beyond a doubt, I would not stay here. I started to Oregon in 1846, but was taken sick in Illinois, and had to stay there nearly six years; but now I have got started again and I am going through to that country if I live."

We narrowly escaped having trouble during our first night in camp after crossing the Missouri. A number of Pawnee Indians came about, to see what was going on, and one of their number, bent on pilfering, was badly bitten by our dog "Frank"—a thoroughly trained watchdog—one that would not molest any one, not even an Indian, unless he tried to steal. The other Indians threatened to shoot the dog, being armed with bows and arrows, but father stood guard and saved the dog's life.

A similar experience occurred when we were about two hundred miles out on the Platte one day at the noon camp. At this time twenty or more Sioux Indians, with a lot of squaws and pappooses, rode up and offered to trade buffalo robes for tobacco and beads. While the barter was going on a stalwart young In-

dian stealthily slipped around to the rear end of our freight wagon and removed a cup from the top of a can of milk which was standing there. Instantly the dog jumped upon the Indian and bore him to the ground. As he went down he yelled fearfully, and his companions drew their bows and were about to let their arrows fly at the dog, whereupon father grabbed his rifle from the wagon bows, and, with finger on the trigger, aimed at the foremost Indian, not more than thirty feet distant, who had his bow drawn taut, and with his eye gleaming along the barrel gave the savage to understand that if he let his arrow fly at the dog he would be shot instantly. The result was that the Indians, upon a signal from their leader, unstrung their bows. Then father called the dog off, and the tin cup rolled out from under the Indian's blanket, indicating that the dog knew what he was about. The Indians then sullenly mounted their horses and rode away.

After this incident nothing occurred out of the ordinary course until the latter part of June, perhaps four or five days before Fort Laramie was reached. Then one night we were overtaken by a terrific thunder storm, followed by a cloudburst, which came near wiping our little company of sixteen persons—nine adults and seven children—out of existence. The condition of our company on the morning after this disaster cannot be adequately described. The night before we had camped in a broad, most beautiful valley, where wood and water were abundant, with luxuriant grass for the animals. About 10 o'clock it began raining with increased violence, as the night advanced, and by midnight was accompanied by lightning until it seemed as if the heavens were on fire, and the rapid peals of ear-splitting thunder made the earth fairly tremble. About 3 o'clock in the morning Joel Risdon, one of our men, who was near the door of the family tent, said: "Something has broken loose in the direction of the hills—I hear an awful roaring." A few minutes later he again said: "This is an awful night. That roaring is surely more distinct! Surely something must have broken loose!" And then looking toward the hills from the tent, he said, "I see something white coming this way! Get up!" And we all sprang to our feet, and a wave of water more than two feet deep, filled with hailstones as large

as good-sized cherries, swept through our camp. Guided by the lightning we sought refuge in the wagons. My sister, six years old, was missed, and father sprang out into the flood to find her if possible, and she was recovered through the aid of the faithful dog.

Thus we awaited the approach of daylight, and then a scene beggaring description appeared. Not a blade of grass, not an animal in sight. Every person was chilled to the marrow, and not a splinter of wood of any kind to be had to build a fire; and father had a severe attack of pleurisy, caused by exposure during the night. The men decided that probably the animals had taken to the foothills, apparently three or four miles distant, and accordingly went in that direction, and luckily found them in a few hours. By 4 o'clock the teams were ready to move, and we traveled about four miles and camped near a large company of people, who, seeing our distressed condition, vied with each other in affording relief, and it was not long before we were enjoying the luxury of a warm meal as a result of the neighborliness of a number of Kentucky, Indiana and Missouri families, some of the children of whom are represented in this thirty-fifth annual reunion; among them Mrs. Laura B. Bartlett, Mrs. F. A. Knapp, Professor L. H. Baker, principal of the Woodstock school of this city, and Mr. John W. Baker, Cottage Grove, present State Game Warden. It is needless to say that the acquaintance formed under such circumstances ripened into lasting friendship on the part of those who were heads of families at that time. Upon examination it was found that several sacks of flour, and a considerable quantity of sugar and salt had been damaged by the flood of the night before.

From the place where these families were joined under the circumstances above described, and on westward to the Umatilla River, they traveled together for the most part, in the main under the leadership of James Biles, although C. B. Baker, William R. Downey, William M. Kincaid and my father were often counseled with whenever especially difficult conditions were encountered, and these were of frequent occurrence.

In due time the Grand Ronde Valley was reached. This was

early in August. Here we were met by E. N. Sarjent, who came from the Puget Sound region to meet his father's family, who were in our train. He urged all to go to Northern Oregon (Puget Sound), the conditions there being better for settlement than in the Willamette Valley, according to his judgment; and he said, as an additional inducement to go thither, that a wagon road was being made by the settlers from Puget Sound to the Columbia River by way of the Natchess Pass. While it had been the intention of the greater number of this company to settle in the Willamette Valley, the conditions portrayed by Mr. Sarjent were so alluring that most of the company decided to go thither. In the case of our family there was urgent need that we should go with some one or more persons upon whom we could depend for supplies in case of an emergency, as loss of stock and other untoward circumstances had caused delays which had not been contemplated; hence there was a prospect that our supplies might give out. Mr. James Biles, learning of the condition of our family, said to my father: "I have decided to go to Puget Sound; if you will go along I will see you safely through, and you can pay me when you get ready." Such an offer, under existing conditions, could not be passed by lightly; hence, after due consideration, it was accepted. The company pressed on over the Blue Mountains and reached the Umatilla River about August 15. Two days later one hundred and fifty-five persons, with thirty-six wagons, left the Umatilla a little ways below the site of the present City of Pendleton—the place was called "Swift's Crossing," if I am not mistaken—and drove direct to old Fort Walla Walla (Wallula of today) on the Columbia River. We expected to find a Hudson's Bay Company flatboat at this place, but did not, and therefore had to stop to whipsaw plank out of the driftwood to build a boat. I do not remember how long a time this required, but I think it was four days. After crossing the Columbia River, we made for the Yakima River, followed up that stream for some distance and crossed it eight times. Then we struck out for the point where the Natchess River emerges from the mountains, and after a number of toilsome days' marching through sagebrush as high as the top of a covered wagon—it frequently had to be cut out of the way—we arrived at the edge of the timber bordering the mountains about September 17 or 18.

While going through the Yakima country, one of our number, Mr. McCullough, died, leaving a widow with two little girls, the eldest perhaps eight years old, and the youngest only a babe, having been born on the westward journey. The former afterwards became the wife of N. S. Porter, a well-known lawyer of Olympia, and the latter for many years has been connected with Providence Academy, Vancouver, Washington. Among those who came over the mountains from Thurston County to assist the immigrants in getting in was a bachelor named Benjamin Jordan. He thus became acquainted with Mrs. McCullough, and was able to assist her a good deal, and in due time married her. The death and birth above referred to were all that occurred in this immigrant company, and considering the number, it was considered a most remarkable record.

MET WITH INDIAN CHIEF.

At the last camp in the Blue Mountains before reaching the Umatilla River, an incident happened which I will mention. While preparations for the evening meal were under way a number of Indians rode up, all well mounted on a number of the most beautiful ponies that I ever saw up to that time, all dressed in gay costume with feathers and fringes abounding. One of the Indians, the leader of the rest, whom we afterwards found out was the noted Walla Walla chief, Pen-Pen-Mox-Mox, came near our camp, and seemed especially interested in my baby sister, then ten months old, who had beautiful golden hair. I was taking care of the little girl at the time and noticed that the Indian eagerly watched every movement I made in trying to amuse the child. Nothing was thought of the Indian's visit that night, but the next morning, in some unaccountable way, hundreds of Indian ponies were found grazing near the camp. What this meant no one knew at first, but the mystery was soon solved. E. N. Sargent, who was out early that morning, looking after his father's teams, discovered that Indians were driving the ponies towards the camp under orders from Chief Pen-Pen-Mox-Mox, who proposed to trade them for the little red-haired girl. This information was conveyed to my mother by Mr. Sargent, and the offer of the great chief was respectfully declined, much to his apparent sorrow. As he rode away followed by his body guard, meanwhile striking his breast and

saying, "Ni-ka tum-tum wake skoo-kum!" Meaning that his heart was very sick.

It is possible that if some of the old pioneers present upon this occasion were to recall some of the heartaches experienced during the first twenty years of their lives, they would have a grain of sympathy for this untutored son of early Oregon.

After the first night's camp in the pine timber at the edge of the Cascade Range, we began to realize that all previous experiences in crossing mountain ranges were insignificant as compared with those which we were about to encounter. The "road" which we expected to find was scarcely more than an Indian trail; but there we were, and the idea of retracing our steps could not be thought of for a moment. We must go forward; there was no other course to follow. Sarjent himself was disappointed. He knew the settlers had started to make a road across the mountains and was at a loss to understand why it was not finished; and since his relatives were in our company it was clear that he did not intend to deceive us. But now was the time for action. Hence we pushed on as best we could, following the bed of the stream part of the time, first on one bank and then the other. Frequently we came to impassable places, and then recourse was had to high ground, where we cut our way through the dense timber, frequently not advancing more than three miles a day. Altogether the Natchess River was crossed sixty-eight times. On this journey there was a stretch of fifty miles without a blade of grass, the sole subsistence of the horses and cattle being browse from alder and maple trees, not very nutritious, to say the least. Every person, from ten years old and upwards, women included, assisted in making the excuse for a road more passable. There is where the speaker had his first lessons in trail-making, barefooted, at that, but in no worse condition than others. It certainly was a trying time for the women of the company, and much speculation was indulged in as to the probability of reaching the settlements. One woman with two children—Mrs. Abraham Woolery, "Aunt Pop" she was called—would break down and shed tears every little while; but frequently, in the midst of her weeping, she would rally, and with some quaint remark or funny story, cause everybody to laugh and forget their troubles, in spite of their misery.

At length Summit Prairie was reached. We were in sight of Mount Rainier, that mighty peak looming up only twenty-five miles south of us. Here we spent the night, and it was bitter cold, the time being about October 1st, and snow abounding in all directions, although there was none in our immediate vicinity. The next morning, an early start was made, and in less than an hour the company halted. My mother, the younger children and I were somewhat in the rear at this time, and as we came close enough to discover the cause of the delay, she exclaimed: "Well, I guess we have come to the jumping-off place at last!" And no wonder, for there we were confronted by a bluff fully thirty feet high, almost perpendicular, and for a thousand feet farther it was so steep that an animal could scarcely stand up, and there was no other way to go. as careful examination demonstrated. It was soon decided that the wagons should be lowered with ropes, and the teams driven single file by a circuitous trail to the foot of the mountain. Accordingly a long rope was stretched down the hill, but it was not long enough to lower a wagon to a place where it would stand up. Then James Biles said: "Kill one of the poorest of my steers, make a rope of his hide and see if that will be long enough; if not, kill another." Three animals were killed before the length of rope required was secured.

After each wagon was lowered to the end of the rope a yoke of oxen was hitched to the wagon, and by rough-locking, and attaching small logs with projecting limbs to the rear, it was taken down about a quarter of a mile and across Greenwater River, where we camped that night. It required almost two days to make this descent. Two of the thirty-six wagons were hopelessly wrecked on the hill, and a small quantity of provisions lost. The loss of the wagons did not matter, but not so the provisions, as the company suffered for want of food before supplies could be secured at Connell's Prairie, probably forty or fifty miles southwest of the present city of Tacoma.

After leaving camp at Greenwater River, evidences of road work were a little more apparent, and hence better progress was made. Complaints were rarely heard, for the main reason that "growling" over our forlorn condition was unprofitable and made

bad matters worse. The teams suffered dreadfully, however, for want of food, and not a day passed but that some of the animals dropped in their tracks and were left to die alongside the rugged trail. Pathetic, indeed, were these experiences, in being compelled to leave faithful beasts in the wilderness to starve. But there was no help for it, grievous as it might seem, and the animals were shot to end their misery.

There was one exception to this rule which I cannot pass. The C. B. Baker family had a blooded Kentucky mare, which became so exhausted as to be unable to get up one morning, and it was decided that she would have to be left behind. To this Mrs. Baker objected, the animal being one that she thought a great deal of; and she told her husband to go on, that she would work with the mare a while, and would catch up with the teams in due time. So she gathered leaves, fed the beast, gave her water, talked to her encouragingly, finally got her on her feet, started after the wagons and caught up with them at the noon camp. A little later this animal got down the second time, and was about to be abandoned to her fate; but the love, patience and determination of Mrs. Baker—"Aunt Fanny," as she was known by all—triumphed, and the mare was saved to become the dam of some of the best running horses known in the early days of Oregon and Washington.

The last day's journey before reaching Connell's prairie cannot be forgotten. It came near having a tragic ending. Several days before, the teams being so jaded, it was decided that it would be good policy to drive to the prairie and let them recruit on the luxuriant bunchgrass. This was done and the women and children and wagons were left in camp. In a week most of the teams returned, greatly strengthened. The next day all started on foot to the prairie, and, notwithstanding the fact that but few if any of the party had any breakfast, all were jubilant over the prospect of "getting out of the wilderness" to a place where food could be obtained for man as well as beast. All the food our family had that day consisted of a scanty supply of salal-berries, picked as we trudged along. The party generally were short of provisions. At this time our teams had dwindled down to two horses and two

[illegible]

utes, and we bore her to the fire, and after some nourishment—only baked potatoes, without salt, however—for that night—she began to be herself, and was ready to move on the next day. After that we had a limited supply of provisions, and got on fairly well for a time.

And now a word about the wagon road. That had been cut through to Greenwater River. There, it seems, an Indian from east of the mountains, going to the Sound, met the road workers, who inquired whether any "Boston" men were coming. The Indian said no. Believing the Indian to be truthful, the road workers returned home, only to be greatly astonished by the appearance two weeks later, of a weary, bedraggled, forlorn and footsore company of people, all rejoicing that, after unspeakable trials, they had at last reached the "Promised Land."

When the immigrant party came within six miles of Steilacoom it camped. Vegetables were given by two settlers named Lackey and Mahon. Dr. William Fraser Tolmie, of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company, a branch of the Hudson's Bay Company, gave some beeves. When the meat was sent to camp Dr. Tolmie placed it in charge of Mrs. Mary Ann Woolery, "Aunt Pop," already alluded to, who instructed her to keep it until the two oldest men in the company came in, upon whom should devolve the duty of dividing it evenly. Soon a man came with a knife and wanted some meat. Mrs. Woolery said, "No, sir, you can't have any now." He replied, "I am hungry, and I am going to have some of it—I can't wait." Mrs. Woolery replied, "You will have to wait; I am as hungry as you are, and I expect to wait. So are all the rest hungry; but that man said I was not to allow any one touch it until the two oldest men came into camp, and they would divide it evenly." The man again said, "I can't wait for that, and will not, either!" "You will have to," she replied. "By what authority?" he questioned. "There is my authority," she said in a defiant tone, shaking her clenched fist (she weighed 100 pounds then, but her fighting weight was double that), "and if you touch that meat I'll take that oxbow to you," and, suiting the action to the word, she grabbed one and stood between the man and the fresh meat. The man, seeing she meant business, then

subsided. Soon the two oldest men came to camp, the meat was divided according to Dr. Tolmie's instructions. and, with the vegetables that had been given by the settlers, the entire party had a good, old-fashioned "boiled dinner"—the first for many a day—and it was a most agreeable and welcome change from salmon skins.

This was the last time that all the company camped together. From this point they went hither and thither, and soon found winter quarters, all the men having families taking donation claims in Pierce and Thurston Counties. And so ends the first attempt to make a permanent record of the first direct American immigration into "Northern Oregon," now Western Washington, by way of Natchess Pass.

In closing it is worthy of note that three branches of business were introduced for the first time in the Puget Sound basin, by members of this company, viz.:

The manufacture of leather by James Biles, who established a tannery at Tumwater; the manufacture of boots. shoes and harness, by Tyrus Himes, who established a shop at Olympia in conjunction with J. B. Roberts, in September, 1854; and millinery and dressmaking by Mrs. Elizabeth Frazier, whose place of business was Olympia. Orders for "doing up" bonnets and dresses that had been brought across the plains were sent to Mrs. Frazier from all parts of the Pacific Northwest, and her good taste and skillful needlework were eagerly sought by the belles of those primitive days.

NAMES OF THE IMMIGRANTS.

*Aiken, A. G.
Aiken, James.
Aiken, John.
Baker, Bartholomew C.
Baker, Mrs. Fanny.
Baker, James E.
*Baker, John Wesley.
*Baker, Leander H.
Baker, Elijah.
Baker, Mrs. Olive.
*Baker, Joseph N.
*Baker, William LeRoy.
Barr, James.
Bell, James.
†Bell, Mrs. Eliza (Wright).
Biles, James.
Biles, Mrs. Nancy M.
*Biles, George W.
Biles, James B.
Biles, Clark.
*Biles, Mrs. Kate (Sarjent).
*Biles, Mrs. Susan Belle (Drew).
*Biles, Mrs Euphemia (Brazee) (Knapp).

Biles, Margaret.
Bowers, John.
Burnett, Frederick.
Brooks, Mrs. Martha (Young).
‡Byles, Rev. Charles.
Byles, Mrs. Sarah W.
Byles, David F.
Byles, Charles N.
Byles, Mrs. Rebecca E. (Goodell).
*Byles, Mrs. Sarah I. (Ward).
Byles, Luther.
Claflin, William.
Clinton, Wesley.
Davis, Varine.
Day, Joseph.
Downey, William R.
Downey, Mrs. William R.
Downey, Christopher Columbus.
Downey, George W.
Downey, James H.
Downey, William A.
Downey, R. M.
Downey, John M.
Downey, Mrs. Louise (Guess).
Downey, Mrs. Jane (Clark).
Downey, Mrs. Susan (Latham).
*Downey, Mrs. Laura Belle (Bartlett).
Finch, Henry C.
Fitch, Charles Reuben.
Frazier, —.
Frazier, Mrs. Elizabeth.
Guess, Mason F.
Guess, Wilson.
Gant, James.
Gant, Mrs. James.
Gant, Harris.
Gant, Mrs. Harris.
*Greenman, Clark N.
Hampton, J. Wilson.
Himes, Tyrus.
Himes, Mrs. Emiline.
*Himes, George H.
*Himes, Mrs. Helen Z. (Ruddell).
*Himes, Judson W.
Himes, Mrs. Lestina Z. (Eaton).
*Hill, Mrs. Mary Jane (Byles).
Horn, —.
Horn, Mrs. —.
Judson, Peter.
Judson, Mrs. Peter.
*Judson, Stephen.
*Judson, John Paul.
Kincaid, William M.
Kincaid, Mrs. William M.
Kincaid, Mrs. Susannah (Thompson).
Kincaid, Joseph C.
Kincaid, Mrs. Laura (Meade).
Kincaid, James.
Kincaid, John.
Lane, Daniel E.
Lane, Mrs. Daniel E.
Lane, Edward.
*Lane, William.
Lane, Timothy.
Lane, Albert.
Lane, John.
Lane, Mrs. John.
Lane, Mrs. Elizabeth (Whitesel).
Light, Erastus A.
Light, Mrs. Erastus A.
*Light, Henry.
Longmire, James.
*Longmire, Mrs. James.
*Longmire, Elcaine,
*Longmire, David.
*Longmire, Mrs. Tillathi (Kandle).
*Longmire, John A.
McCullough, —.
McCullough, Mrs. —.
McCullough, Mrs. Mary Frances (Porter).
*McCullough, —.
*Meller, Mrs. Gertrude (DeLin).
Moyer, John B.
Melville, George.
Melville, Mrs. George.
Melville, Mrs. Kate (Thompson).
Melville, Robert.
Neisan, John.
Ogle, Van.
Risdon, Joel.

Risdon, Henry.
Sarjent, Asher.
Sarjent, Mrs. Asher.
*Sarjent, E. N.
Sarjent, Francis Marion.
Sarjent, Wilson.
Sarjent, Mrs. Matilda (Saylor).
*Sarjent, Mrs. Rebecca (Kellett).
Watts, Evan.
West, Newton.
Woolery, Isaac.
Woolery, Mrs. Isaac.
Woolery, Robert Lemuel.
Woolery, James Henderson.
Woolery, Mrs. Sarah Jane (Ward).
Woolery, Abraham.
*Woolery, Mrs. Abraham (Aunt Pop).
Woolery, Jacob Francis.
Woolery, Daniel Henry.
Woolery, Mrs. Agnes (Lamon).
Whitesel, William.
Whitesel, Mrs. William.
Whitesel, William Henry.
Whitesel, Mrs. Nancy (Leach).
Whitesel, Margaret.
Whitesel, Alexander.
Whitesel, Cal.
Wright, Isaac H.
Wright, Mrs. Isaac H.
Wright, Benjamin F.
Wright, Mrs. Benjamin F.
Wright, James.
Wright, Mrs. Eliza (Bell).
Wright, Mrs. Rebecca (Moore).
Wright, William.
Wright, Byrd.
Wright (Grandfather).
Wright (Grandmother).
Wright, Mrs. Annis (Downey).
West, Newton.
Woodward, John W.
*Young, Austin E.

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* All thus marked were living June 19, 1907.

‡ Rev. Charles Byles and James Biles were brothers, but disagreed as to the proper spelling of their surname.

† The names enclosed in parentheses indicate those to whom the ladies were married.

DIARY OF MRS. ELIZABETH DIXON SMITH GEER.

(The following Diary was kept by Mrs. Geer, then Mrs. Smith, at the close of each day, as the westward journey was made, after all her eight children were asleep. Soon after her arrival in Oregon it was copied in letter form and sent back to her friends in La Porte, Indiana, and some fifteen years later that letter was returned to Mrs. P. S. Knight, Salem, Oregon, a daughter, from whom I secured it for permanent preservation by printing.—George H. Himes, Secretary.)

Lafayette, Yamhill County, Oregon, May 25, 1848.

Mrs. Paulina Foster and Mrs. Cynthia Ames, La Porte, La Porte County, Indiana:

Dear Friends—By your request I have endeavored to keep a record of our journey from "the States" to Oregon, though it is poorly done, owing to my having a young babe and besides a large family to do for; and, worst of all, my education is very limited.

APRIL 21, 1847.—Commenced our journey from LaPorte, Indiana, to Oregon; made fourteen miles.

APRIL 22.—Made twelve miles; rain all day.

APRIL 23.—Made 19 miles; traveled until dark. Ate a cold bite and went to bed chilly and cold, which is very disagreeable with a parcel of little children.

APRIL 24.—Made 12 miles.

APRIL 25.—Last night our cattle ran off, consequently we only made 11 miles.

APRIL 26.—Made 16 miles. Had a view of Mount Juliett. It is one of the great works of nature. We see a great many admirable works of nature and art as we pass through Illinois.

APRIL 27.—Made 18 miles through a beautiful country in Ill.

APRIL 28.—Made 18 miles. Encamped on the bank of the Ill. River. A beautiful place.

APRIL 29.—Made 16 miles through a delightful country. Encamped on the Ill. Cold and rainy.

APRIL 30.—Made 14 miles. Passed through Peru. Traveled through a beautiful and fertile country. Cold and rainy.

MAY 1.—Made 19 miles. Passed through Princeton, Bureau County, Ill. Rich soil. Hundreds of acres not owned or cultivated by any one.

MAY 2.—Made 20 miles. Exceedingly cold for the season.

MAY 3.—Made 20 miles. Cold and dry. All in good spirits.

MAY 4.—Made 20 miles. Pleasant weather.

MAY 5.—Made 16 miles. Passed through Hendersonville and Galesburg, Knox County, Ill. Good roads. Fine weather.

MAY 6.—Made 18 miles. Passed through Monmouth, Ill. Good weather.

MAY 7.—Made 12 miles. Rainy weather.

MAY 8.—Crossed the Mississippi on ferry. Delayed in Burlington. Made 7 miles. In Burlington I saw Perley Mitchell's first wife.

MAY 9.—Passed Augusta, a small village. Ferried Skunk River, Ill.

MAY 10.—Fine weather. Layed by to wash.

MAY 11.—Laid by for rain.

MAY 12.—Made 20 miles. Passed West Point, Ill.

MAY 13.—Made 18 miles. Encamped on Des Moines River.

MAY 14.—Forded the Des Moines. Made 18 miles.

MAY 15.—Fell in with seven Oregon wagons. Made 20 miles.

MAY 16.—Made 15 miles. Rained all day.

MAY 17.—Laid by for rain.

MAY 18.—Made 20 miles. Good weather.

MAY 19.—Last night one of our cows went back one day's journey to see her calf that we had given away that morning.

MAY 20.—Made 18 miles. Rainy weather, bad roads.

MAY 21.—Made 7 miles. Water bound by a branch of Grand River. Hilly and bad roads.

MAY 22.—Made 7 miles. Water bound by a creek called the Muddy.

MAY 23.—Made 7 miles. Crossed Weldon River, Missouri state.

MAY 24.—Made 12 miles. Rain all day. Encamped in a marsh. Shoe-mouth deep in water. The men peeled bark, made a floor, built a fire on it to dry themselves and get supper by.

MAY 25.—Made two miles. Water bound.

MAY 26.—Made 22 miles.

MAY 27.—Made 14 miles. Crossed Big Creek. It has on it one saw mill and one grist mill.

MAY 28.—Made 20 miles. Crossed Samson Creek. One flour mill and one saw mill on Grand River. Crossed Grand River. Encamped without wood or water on a large prairie. Ate a cold bite and went to bed.
was raining and we went to bed without supper.

MAY 30.—Rained this morning until late. Made 8 miles. Crossed a river called the Hundred an Two, on a dangerous bridge, and encamped.

MAY 31.—Laid by to wash.

JUNE 1.—Lying by.

JUNE 2.—Made 7 miles.

JUNE 3.—Passed through St. Joseph on the bank of the Missouri. Laid in our flour, cheese and crackers and medicine, for no one should travel this road without medicine, for they are almost sure to have the summer complaint. Each family should have a box of physicking pills, a quart of castor oil, a quart of the best rum, and a large vial of peppermint essence. We traveled 4 miles by the river and encamped. Here we found nine wagons bound for Oregon.

JUNE 4.—Crossed the Missouri. Doubled teams with difficulty; ascended a hill or mountain. Traveled 3 miles and encamped. We are now in Indian territory.

JUNE 5.—Made 9 miles. At present 22 wagons.

JUNE 6.—Made 18 miles. Passed 70 Oregon wagons as they were encamped.

JUNE 7.—Good roads. Made 20 miles.

JUNE 8.—Made 20 miles. Crossed one creek. Very high and steep banks. Where I know the names of streams I give them.

JUNE 9.—Made 19 miles. Crossed one creek.

JUNE 10.—Made 13 miles.

JUNE 11.—Made 18 miles. Crossed the Blue Earth River. One wagon turned over just at the edge of the water. Happily nothing got wet.

JUNE 12.—Laid by to wash. Had 2 horses stolen by the Indians last night out of the company.

JUNE 13.—Made 18 miles.

JUNE 14.—Made 18 miles. We are continually finding elk horns, buffaloes' skulls and carcasses.

JUNE 15.—Made 18 miles.

JUNE 16.—Made 17 miles. Saw one grave day before yesterday and one today by the lonely wayside. Made this spring.

JUNE 17.—Made 12 miles. Fell in with 18 wagons. Broke an axle tree. Layed by and made a new one. Stood guard all night in the rain.

JUNE 18.—Finished the broken axle. Made 5 miles. Encamped in a circle as it is our custom. Put out guards and retired to rest.

JUNE 19.—Made 20 miles. Every night we encamp we locate quite a village, but take it up next day. We have plenty of music, with the flute and violin, and some dancing.

JUNE 20.—Made 20 miles. Encamped on the Platte. The ground here is covered with a white surface. Something between salt and salts. The cattle are fond of it.

JUNE 21.—Made 18 miles. Last night had two more horses stolen; one belonging to the same man that lost one of the first ones. It was a fine horse and his last one. Our road along the Platte is beautiful and level. The river is wide, a mile or more, and very rily and shallow.

JUNE 22.—Made 15 miles. See antelope every day.

JUNE 23.—Made 18 miles. At present there is one hundred and forty persons in our company. We see thousands of buffalo and have to use their dung for fuel. A man will gather a bushel in a minute; three bushels makes a good fire. We call the stuff "buffalo chips."

JUNE 24.—Made 10 miles. Stopped to kill a buffalo, but did not succeed. Saw hundreds of prairie dogs barking about. They are about as large as a gray gopher. Saw another grave.

JUNE 25.—Made 18 miles. Our road is like a floor for miles and miles together. We found the sensitive plant growing here.

JUNE 26.—Made 10 miles. Killed three buffaloes. Their flesh is generally coarser and dryer than beef, but a fat buffalo heifer is as good meat as I would wish to taste of.

JUNE 27.—Made 15 miles. Killed four buffaloes. At the least calculations we saw 3,000 buffaloes today. A buffalo gallops and rolls like a horse.

JUNE 28.—Made 18 miles. Saw thousands of buffaloes. Caught two of their calves. One ran away the other day. The other they drove along with the loose cattle several miles. It finally left them. Nine more wagons overtook us.

JUNE 29.—This morning eight of our largest and best work oxen were missing, besides two yoke of Welch's, three yoke of Adam Polk's, and about thirty head belonging to the company—all work oxen right out of our wagons. Here we were thousands of miles from any inhabitants and thus deprived of teams—an appalling situation. We had only one yoke left. We hunted every direction without success.

JUNE 30.—Hunted all day. Our cattle hunters, my husband among them, were so far away from camp, some thirty miles, that they stayed away all night.

JULY 1.—Today when our hunters came in they brought one dead man; he had shot himself last night accidentally. He left a wife and six small children. The distress of his wife I cannot describe. He was an excellent man and very much missed. His name was Smith Dunlap, from Chicago, Ill. The hunters found no cattle.

JULY 2.—A trying time. So many of us having to get teams, had to hire, borrow, buy, just as we could. Had to take raw cattle, cows, or anything we could get. Some had to apply to other companies for help; at last we moved off. Made 15 miles.

JULY 3.—Made 13 miles.

JULY 4.—Last night had some rain, which is very uncommon in this region. We forded the Platte yesterday. Today passed over from south to north branch of the Platte. It is the roughest country here that the mind can conceive of. Indicative of volcanic action. I think of the shape of the earth—no level land—all ridges, mounds and deep hollows, without any herbage whatever, but you will see now and then in some deep hollow a scrubby cedar growing. Made 16 miles. Encamped on North Platte bottom. Middling feed. Found old trunks of cedars to burn.

JULY 5.—Made 17 miles. Hot weather. Sandy roads. The road continues along the river.

JULY 6.—Made 18 miles. Many of our cattle are lame. It is plain to my mind what makes their feet wear out. It is the alkaline nature of the ground.

JULY 7.—Made 18 miles. This country is full of curiosities. Hundreds of acres seem to have been bursted and thrown up by volcanic eruptions. The earth along here is strong with lye. After a shower if the little ponds were not rily one could wash linen without soap.

JULY 8.—Made 12 miles. Saw Chimney Rock. It is a curiosity, indeed. A rock or rather a hard clay standing alone. Towering in the air perhaps 300 feet. All of the lofty rocks along here are composed of the same material. Some of them resemble old demolished villages, half sunk in the ground, with stovepipes sticking out at the top. Today we had the most dreadful hail storm that I ever witnessed, in which a young woman and I came near being caught, as we went out to visit the famous Chimney Rock. Fortunately we reached one of the foremost wagons just as the hail began to pelt us. It tore some of their wagon covers off; broke some bows, and made horses and oxen run away, making bad work. They say about here it is subject to tornadoes.

JULY 9.—Today we saw by the wayside about two acres of fine white stone all cut up, comparatively, into pieces about ten feet square and two feet thick. I ran barefooted to get on them, but got my feet full of stickers and was glad to get back to my wagon. All the herbs in this region are prickly and briery. The sage is dreadful on one's clothes. It grows from one to six feet high, has a stalk like our tame sage or sedge. The leaves are smaller and very narrow. It has a sage taste, though it is very bitter, besides. We travel through a shrub called greasewood—generally not so large as the sage. It is very thorny. We have to use it sometimes to burn. Then there is the prickly pear. Step on it any and everywhere. Look out for bare feet. Made 20 miles. Encamped at Scott's Bluff. Here is starvation. No feed and little water here after traveling 20 miles. We chained up our oxen to our wagon wheels and started next morning by sunrise.

JULY 10.—Made 12 miles through a barren, destitute region. Encamped on a creek. Found feed and willows.

JULY 11.—Made 18 miles on dry and barren land.

JULY 12.—Made 10 miles. Encamped at a French and Indian residence. As soon as we had corralled, the Indians flocked in, spread their blankets and begged for presents. We gave them meat, flour and beans, for which we afterwards suffered.

JULY 13.—This morning five of our work cattle were missing. The men hunted and hired Indians to hunt, but found no cattle. Emptied one wagon and left it and moved on. Passed Fort Laramie. Made 5 miles. Encamped. The Indians came as before and set down in a circle and spread a blanket in their midst and begged presents. We gave them provisions and they dispersed.

JULY 14.—Laid by. Found the lost cattle. Paid the Indians fifteen dollars for hunting, although our men found them.

JULY 15.—Made 20 miles through a barren desert. Found wood and water, but no feed. Rain tonight. I intend to state all the rain we have.

JULY 16.—Made 6 miles. Found feed. Laid by to pasture our cattle.

JULY 17.—Made 15 miles. Dysentery prevails in our company. We are traveling through destitute land. No vegetation except at our camping places, but the sage and a little stunted pitch pine.

JULY 18.—Made 15 miles through what are called the Black Hills. They are entirely barren except now and then a stunted cedar. There are a great many old pine logs lying about on them. Some of these hills are clear stone; others coarse sand.

JULY 19.—Passed through a basin of 30 or 40 acres of level land. Within this basin is a surface of stone about 15 feet in diameter, white as marble, but porous like burnt bone, and brittle. The earth resembles Spanish brown. Made 6 miles. Laid by to bait our cattle. Nature has provided occasionally for poor, hungry cattle.

JULY 20.—Made 15 miles. Black Hills.

JULY 21.—Made 20 miles. Encamped on the Platte.

JULY 22.—Made 15 miles.

JULY 23.—Made 16 miles.

JULY 24.—Made 15 miles. Encamped near the Red Buttes. It is nothing more than a red sidehill. The earth is red.

JULY 25.—Made 12 miles. Encamped at the Willow Springs, a handsome little place of grass and willows. Today we crossed a little muddy branch; along the sides of it we could have gathered pails full of clean saltpetre. Many of our cattle are sick and dying.

JULY 26.—Passed the noted saleratus bed. Made 20 miles. Encamped on Sweet Water. This saleratus is far from being equal to artificial saleratus, although looks as good. We got a great deal of it. Some kept and used it; others threw it away. It will not foam buttermilk one bit. I knew a person to fetch some through and sell it to a merchant for 50 cents per pound, not telling him what kind it was.

JULY 27.—We, on rising this morning, baked a lot of light bread and moved on. Passed Independence Rock. Made 7 miles.

JULY 28.—Made 20 miles.

JULY 29.—Made 18 miles. I could have written a great deal more if I had had the opportunity. Sometimes I would not get

the chance to write for two or three days, and then would have to rise in the night when my babe and all hands were asleep, light a candle and write.

JULY 30.—Made 10 miles. Sage still to cook with.

JULY 31.—Passed over one mountain. Encamped at the foot of the South Pass. Here we found some gooseberries, and they were as smooth as currants and tasted much like fox grapes. All the gooseberries this side of the Missouri are smooth. Still we have sage to cook with. I do not know which is best, it or "buffalo chips." Just step out and pull a lot of sage out of your garden and build a fire in the wind and bake, boil and fry by it, and then you will guess how we have to do.

AUG. 1.—Passed over the Rocky Mountains, the backbone of America. It is all rocks on top and they are split into pieces and turned up edgeways. Oh, that I had time and talent to describe this curious country. We wound over the mountains along a very crooked road. Made 18 miles. Had rain and hail today, which made it disagreeably cold.

AUG. 2.—Made 15 miles.

AUG. 3.—Saw the ground covered in many places with epsom salts, but so shallow and thin on the ground that we could not collect it, and, indeed, having no expectation of ever needing it any more, we left it there. Made 25 miles. Encamped on the Little Sandy River. Are two days' journey into the Territory of Oregon and have found no timber except on streams, since we left the Missouri.

AUG. 4.—Made 8 miles. Encamped on Big Sandy. Laid by to let our cattle feed and rest.

AUG. 5.—Made 19 miles. One of our cows got drowned.

AUG. 6.—Crossed Green River, a large and beautiful stream, bordered with considerable timber—quaking asp. Made 12 miles. Encamped on Green River.

AUG. 7.—Made 15 miles. Encamped on Black's Fork, a small river bordered with willows. This large waste of country in my opinion has once been a sea. My husband found on the top of a mountain sea shells petrified to stone. The crevices in the rocks show the different stages of the water.

Aug. 8.—Made 20 miles. Encamped on Black's Fork.

Aug. 9.—Made 16 miles. Encamped at Fort Bridger. This is a pretty place to see in such a barren country. Perhaps there is a thousand acres of level land covered with grass, interspersed with beautiful stony brooks and plenty of timber, such as it is—quaking asp. One of the superintendents of this place traveled with us from Fort Laramie to this place. He is a good and intelligent man. His name is Viscus. He has a white wife. Long will he remember the captain of our company, Cornelius Smith. They were great friends.

Aug. 10.—Laid by to purchase teams that we might have teams of our own.

Aug. 11.—Fort Bridger.

Aug. 12.—Still at Bridger. Here we have a good time for washing, which we women deem a great privilege.

Aug. 13.—Left Fort Bridger. Made 19 miles. Encamped on Muddy Creek.

Aug. 14.—Made 22 miles. Encamped on Muddy Creek.

Aug. 15.—Passed over one high mountain. Made 20 miles. Encamped without feed, water or supper.

Aug. 16.—Started without breakfast. Made 4 miles. Encamped on Bear River. Plenty of feed and willows.

Aug. 17.—Made 18 miles. Camped on Bear River. Found some currants. Better than tame currants. They were yellow.

Aug. 18.—Made 12 miles. Camped on a creek.

Aug. 19.—Traveled over a high, rocky mountain. Made 12 miles.

Aug. 20.—Passed over another mountain. Camped on Bear River.

Aug. 21.—Made 20 miles.

Aug. 22.—Saw some of nature's curious works. Here are mounds of perhaps 40 feet in diameter and 20 feet high, composed of a shelly stone. In the middle of the mound stands a—I know not what to call it—it looks like a stump about three feet high. It has a hole in the top full of water boiling and running over all the time. It's this water that makes the mounds. The

water is blood warm and has a little of the soda taste. A mile or so from here are the famous Soda Springs. They are not so good as has been represented. Only one or two of our company liked it. It tastes like weak vinegar with a little saleratus in it. They are generally ten or twelve feet across and resemble hog wallows more than springs; though I saw one that was clear. About two hundred yards below the Soda Springs is a boiling spring. It boils and foams and runs over 30 barrels in a day. It boils up out of a stone. The hole is about as large as a large dinner pot. Every few minutes the water will bounce up three or four feet high. The water is slightly warm.

AUG. 23.—Left Soda Springs. About three miles further is a rock perhaps 30 feet long, 8 feet high, 8 feet wide. At the base it was shattered so that we could look into it and it was hollow. A mile or so further on, the earth was cracked for a great many feet in length. The boys rolled down stones and they would rumble a long time. Made 16 miles. Encamped with nothing but green sage to cook with. Good feed. This sage is larger than the tame sage, but very much like it in appearance. Has a little of the taste. It grows sometimes six feet high.

AUG. 24.—Made 16 miles. Camped on a creek called Portneuf.

AUG. 25.—Made 12 miles. Have cold nights and warm days.

AUG. 26.—Dusty roads. Made 14 miles. Camped on Snake River. It is soft water. Plenty of quaking asp. No feed.

AUG. 27—Made 20 miles. Camped on Snake River. Plenty of feed.

AUG. 28.—Passed Fort Hall. Captain Grant (of the Hudson's Bay Company) is not that charitable gentleman that we expected to see, but a boasting, burlesquing, unfeeling man. Made 15 miles.

AUG. 29.—Made 16 miles. Camped on Snake River. Plenty of grass and willows. Very dusty roads. You in "The States" know nothing about dust. It will fly so that you can hardly see the horns of your tongue yoke of oxen. It often seems that the cattle must die for the want of breath, and then in our wagons, such a spectacle—beds, clothes, victuals and children, all completely covered.

AUG. 30.—Passed some large cold springs, 20 or 30 feet in diameter, boiling up all over the bottom. Passed Snake River Falls. Bad roads; hilly and rocky. Camped without feed.

AUG. 31.—Made 16 miles. Bad roads and very dusty. Camped on Raft River. Green grass and willows.

SEPT. 1.—Rough roads, very rocky. To all appearance this land was burnt up once. At some places there will be a surface of black stone, and it looks like thick black molasses for some rods square, just as if it had boiled and bubbled for months. Made 18 miles. Camped at Swamp Springs. Plenty of grass and sage.

SEPT. 2.—Laid by to rest our cattle. Had rain last night. Enough rain to lay the dust.

SEPT. 3.—Made 18 miles. Camped on Goose Creek.

SEPT. 4.—Made 14 miles. Camped without feed. Had cedar to burn.

SEPT. 5.—Made 16 miles. Camped on the Rocks. Willows to burn.

SEPT. 6.—Made 12 miles over rocks and dust. Camped on the Rocks.

SEPT. 7.—Nooned at Snake River. Watered our cattle. Moved on two miles and camped. Two men were left behind, which was always the case with them, they had such heavy loads. They came up afterwards, and while watering, some of their cattle swam over the river. One of the men swam after them, and before he got across he sunk to rise no more. He left a wife and three children. The other came running to camp to let us know. Some men went back and stayed with them. By this time another company had overtaken them. Next morning my husband took a horse and went back to swim the horse over after their cattle. The man that owned the cattle took the horse and swam after the cattle, and while coming back by some means got off of the horse and sunk and was seen no more. He left a wife and six helpless children. My husband stood watching him. It is supposed that there was a whirlpool in the bottom of the river.

SEPT. 8.—We moved on, for we had neither feed or water. Made 10 miles. Camped on Snake River. At 10 o'clock my husband came up and told the shocking news.

SEPT. 9.—Made 4 miles. Camped on Clark's River. Clark's River is a small creek.

SEPT. 10.—Laid by to wait for those two widowed women.

SEPT. 11.—While moving along today we saw on the opposite side of Snake River. The bank was about 80 feet high and about half way to the top was a large river emptying, into the Snake River. It was a half a mile wide. It came out on the same height all along and was one continued sheet clear down. Made 12 miles. Camped. Little feed; no water.

SEPT. 12.—Made 11 miles. One of our oxen died. The Indians along Snake River go naked except an old rag tied about their hips. They have few horses; no blankets. The immigrants trade them old cloths for fish, which were dead no doubt when they were caught.

SEPT. 13.—Laid by to rest our cattle.

SEPT. 14.—Blocked up our wagon beds. Forded Snake River, which was wide, deep and swift. Made 9 miles. Camped on good grass at a spring. Here we overtook two companies.

SEPT. 15.—Laid by. This morning one company moved on except one family. The woman got mad and would not budge, nor let the children go. He had his cattle hitched on for three hours and coaxing her to go, but she would not stir. I told my husband the circumstance, and he and Adam Polk and Mr. Kimball went and took each one a young one and crammed them in the wagon and her husband drove off and left her sitting. She got up, took the back track and traveled out of sight. Cut across, overtook her husband. Meantime he sent his boy back to camp after a horse that he had left and when she came up her husband says, "Did you meet John?" "Yes," was the reply, "and I picked up a stone and knocked out his brains." Her husband went back to ascertain the truth, and while he was gone she set one of his wagons on fire, which was loaded with store goods. The cover burnt off and some valuable articles. He saw the flames and came running and put it out, and then mustered spunk enough to

give her a good flogging. Her name is Marcum. She is cousin to Adam Polk's wife.

SEPT. 16.—Saw a boiling hot spring. Clear and good tasted water. Made 18 miles. Camped at Barrel Camp. Good grass by driving up the stream a mile or so where two cattle were shot with arrows by Indians, but not mortally wounded.

SEPT. 17.—Made 15 miles over mountainous roads. Camped on good grass. Scant water.

SEPT. 18.—Made 8 miles. Camped on Big Wood River. It is nothing more than a brook.

SEPT. 19.—Made 18 miles over mountains and dust. Camped on Boise River; a small, handsome river; good feed.

SEPT. 20.—Made 12 miles. Camped on Boise River. Good grass.

SEPT. 21.—Made 18 miles. Camped on Boise River. Good feed.

SEPT. 22.—Made 15 miles. Camped on Boise River. Good feed and wood. All the wood here is Balm of Gilead. It grows in low places and along the river banks.

SEPT. 23.—Made 20 miles. Forded Snake River, just before dark. It was waist deep and very cold. It is a large and swift running river. Found good feed and willows. Rained last night —enough to lay the dust.

SEPT. 24.—Laid by to dry our things which got wet crossing the river. Mr. Kimball's oldest son died of typhus fever.

SEPT. 25.—Buried the corpse. Proceeded on our journey. Made 14 miles. Camped on Burnt River. Some feed and willows.

SEPT. 26.—Made 12 miles. Camped at a small spring. Some feed and sage.

SEPT. 27.—Made 12 miles. Camped on Snake River.

SEPT. 28.—Made 12 miles. Crossed Burnt River six times. We are all the time on a hill or in a hollow. Camped on Burnt River with mountains on every side.

SEPT. 29.—Made 11 miles. Winding in and between and over mountains. Camped on Burnt River.

SEPT. 30.—Made 14 miles. Camped on Burnt River. Dry grass and willows.

Oct. 1.—A woman of our company died as we were traveling along. She had been sick some time. Made 9 miles. Camped on Burnt River.

Oct. 2.—Buried the corpse. Made 16 miles. Camped on south branch of Powder River.

Oct. 3.—Laid by to rest our failing cattle.

Oct. 4.—Made 15 miles. Camped on north branch of Powder River. Middling feed.

Oct. 5.—Made 12 miles. Camped on head waters of Grand Ronde. Plenty of feed and pine to burn.

Oct. 6.—Made 18 miles. Passed over one difficult, stony mountain. Came down into Grand Ronde. If Grand Ronde was west of the Cascade Mountains how soon it would be taken up. It is level and covered with grass and watered with brooks and springs. It has a river flowing through it. No timber except on the river, but the mountains which surround it are promiscuously covered with pine and fir. We camped on Grand Ronde.

Oct. 7.—Ascended a mountain a mile and a half long, covered with pine and grass. When we came to the top we found a pretty open place, level and a good soil covered with grass. Rolled five miles over level land. Descended the mountain, which was steep and difficult, the men having to steady the wagons down, while we women carried and led our children. Camped on a branch of the Grand Ronde River. Here the men made tar out of pine. Here we are surrounded with mountains covered with tall pines.

Oct. 8.—Ascended a steep mountain. Traveled through thick pine woods. Came to another mountain. Had to double teams. To some wagons they put nine yoke of oxen. All of these mountains have a good soil covered with grass. Camped without water. Rained last night.

Oct. 9.—Doubled teams up another mountain. Made 15 miles. Camped at Pine Camp. Good feed and water. My husband and I are both sick with the summer complaint.

Oct. 10.—Laid by to hunt some lost cattle.

Oct. 11.—Made 12 miles. Camped near the branch of the Utilla (Umatilla) River.

Oct. 12.—Went 3 miles. Here our company separated. Some went to Whitman's Mission to winter and they were massacred in the general massacre of which I suppose you have already heard. The massacre is attributed to the Catholics and circumstances proves it true. Here my husband bought a beef of the Indians. It was 18 months old. It weighed 430 pounds. He paid them with a cow and a calf and a new shirt.

Oct. 13.—Made 20 miles. Camped without feed.

Oct. 14.—Made 10 miles. Camped on Utilla River. Dusty roads. Scarce feed. Very hard and cold winds.

Oct. 15.—Made 15 miles on sandy roads. Camped on a branch. Good feed. Disagreeable cold.

Oct. 16.—Hilly and dusty roads. Traveled until after dark. Made 18 miles. Camped without wood or water. Went to bed cold.

Oct. 17.—Cold and windy. We made a fire of a little wood that we carried all day yesterday. Made a bite to eat. Our cattle ran off in search of water which hindered us till late. Made 4 miles. Camped without wood, except a small shrub called greasewood. It burns like greased weeds. I used to wonder why it was said that men must be dressed in buckskin to come to this country, but now I know. Everything we travel through is thorny and rough. There is no chance of saving your clothes. Here we found a great hole of water 12 or 15 feet across. Had to water a hundred and fifty head of cattle with pails. Had to stand out all night in the rain to keep the cattle from drowning each other —after water in this hole.

Oct. 18.—Made 15 miles. Found wood, water and good feed.

Oct. 19.—Laid by to rest our cattle.

Oct. 20.—Made 18 miles. Camped at a spring. Had cedar to burn. Middling feed.

Oct. 21.—Made 12 miles. Camped on John Day's River. Scarce feed. Willows to burn. Here we put out a guard for fear of Indians, which we have not done for three months before.

Oct. 22.—Traveled up a long, steep ascent between two mountains. The road was so narrow that a wagon could scarcely squeeze along and very rough at that. Made 12 miles. Camped without wood or water. Dry grass. It was told to us before we left "The

States" that the dry grass was better than the green. Be it so or not, always when we have had a dry feed, the first green grass we come to, we stop to let the cattle feed.

Oct. 23.—Made 12 miles. Camped on the Columbia River. Scarce feed. No wood nor shrubs. We had to burn little green weeds.

Oct. 24.—Crossed Falls or Shutes (The Deschutes) River. It was high, rapid and dangerous. The water came clear to the top of the wagon beds. My children and I, with as many more women and children as could stow themselves into a canoe, were taken over by two Indians, which cost a good many shirts. The Indians are thick as hops here, and not very friendly. Anybody in preparing to come to this country should make up some calico shirts to trade to the Indians in cases of necessity. You will have to hire them to pilot you across rivers. Against we got here, my folks were about stripped of shirts, trousers, jackets and "wammuses."

Oct. 25.—Ascended a mountain. Made 10 miles. Camped on a creek. Plenty of feed and willows. Bought a beef of the Indians and killed it.

Oct. 26.—Made 10 miles over mountains all the way. Saw oak trees for the first time in Oregon. Camped on the Columbia.

Oct. 27.—Passed what is called The Dalles Mission, where two white families live among the Indians. It looks like starvation. Made 10 miles. Camped on the Columbia River, where we expect to take water.

Oct. 28.—Here are a great many immigrants encamped; some making rafts, others going down in boats which have been sent up by speculators.

Oct. 29.—Rained most all day. Cold weather.

Oct. 30.—Rainy day. Men making rafts. Women cooking and washing. Children crying. Indians bartering potatoes for shirts. They must have a good shirt for a half a peck of potatoes.

Oct. 31.—Cold and rainy. Snow close by on the mountains. We should have went over the mountains with our wagons, but they are covered with snow, consequently we must go down by water and drive our cattle over the mountains.

Nov. 1.—We are lying by waiting for the wind to blow down stream in order that we may embark on our raft.

Nov. 2.—We took off our wagon wheels, laid them on the raft, placed the wagon beds on them and started. There are three families of us, Adam Polk, Russell Welch and ourselves, on 12 logs 18 inches through and 40 feet long. The water runs three inches over our raft.

Nov. 3.—We are floating down the Columbia. Cold and disagreeable weather.

Nov. 4.—Rain all day. Laid by for the water to become calm. We clambered up a side hill among the rocks and built a fire and tried to cook and warm ourselves and children, while the wind blew and the waves rolled beneath.

Nov. 5.—Still lying by waiting for calm weather. Mr. Polk is very sick.

Nov. 6.—Laid by until noon waiting for the waves to quit rolling, but finally put out in rough water. Made 6 miles and landed safe.

Nov. 7.—Put out in rough water. Moved a few miles. The water became so rough that we were forced to land. No one to man the raft but my husband and oldest son of 16 years. Russell Welch and our youngest boys were driving our cattle over the mountains. Here we lay smoking our eyes, burning our clothes and trying to keep warm. We have plenty of wood, but the wind takes away the warmth.

Nov. 8.—Finds us still lying at anchor waiting for the wind to fall. We have but one day's provisions ahead of us here. We can see snow on the top of the mountains, whose rocky heights reach to the clouds by times. A few Indians call on us and steal something from us, but we are not afraid of them. Cold weather —my hands are so numb that I can scarcely write.

Nov. 9.—Finds us still in trouble. Waves dashing over our raft and we already stinting ourselves in provisions. My husband started this morning to hunt provisions. Left no man with us except our oldest boy. It is very cold. The icicles are hanging from our wagon beds to the water. Tonight about dusk Adam

Polk expired. No one with him but his wife and myself. We sat up all night with him while the waves was dashing below.

Nov. 10.—Finds us still waiting for calm weather. My husband returned at 2 o'clock. Brought 50 pounds of beef on his back 12 miles, which he had bought from another company. By this time the water became calm and we started once more, but the wind soon began to blow and we were forced to land. My husband and boy were an hour and a half after dark getting the raft landed and made fast while the water ran knee deep over our raft, the wind blew, and was freezing cold. We women and children did not attempt to get out of our wagons tonight.

Nov. 11.—Laid by most all day. Started this evening. Ran about three miles and landed after dark. Here we found Welch and our boys with our cattle, for they could be driven no farther on this side for mountains. Here was a ferry for the purpose of ferrying immigrants' cattle.

Nov. 12.—Ferried our cattle over the river and buried Mr. Polk. Rain all day. We are living entirely on beef.

Nov. 13.—We got the ferry men to shift our load onto their boat and take us down to the falls, where we found quite a town of people waiting for their cattle to pull them around the falls. Rain all day.

Nov. 14.—Unloaded the boat. Put our wagons together. Drizzly weather.

Nov. 15.—Rainy day.

Nov. 16.—Rain all day.

Nov. 17.—Rainy weather.

Nov. 18.—My husband is sick. It rains and snows. We start this morning around the falls with our wagons. We have 5 miles to go. I carry my babe and lead, or rather carry, another through snow, mud and water, almost to my knees. It is the worst road that a team could possibly travel. I went ahead with my children and I was afraid to look behind me for fear of seeing the wagons turn over into the mud and water with everything in them. My children gave out with cold and fatigue and could not travel, and the boys had to unhitch the oxen and bring them and carry the children on to camp. I was so cold and numb that I

could not tell by the feeling that I had any feet at all. We started this morning at sunrise and did not get to camp until after dark, and there was not one dry thread on one of us—not even my babe. I had carried my babe and I was so fatigued that I could scarcely speak or step. When I got here I found my husband lying in Welch's wagon, very sick. He had brought Mrs. Polk down the day before and was taken sick here. We had to stay up all night tonight for our wagons are left half-way back. I have not told half we suffered. I am not adequate to the task. Here was some hundreds camped, waiting for boats to come and take them down the Columbia to Vancouver or Portland or Oregon City.

Nov. 19.—My husband is sick and can have but little care. Rain all day.

Nov. 20.—Rain all day. It is almost an impossibility to cook, and quite so to keep warm or dry. I froze or chilled my feet so that I cannot wear a shoe, so I have to go around in the cold water barefooted.

Nov. 21.—Rain all day. The whole care of everything falls upon my shoulders. I cannot write any more at present.

Nov. 27.—Embarked once more on the Columbia on a flatboat. Ran all day, though the waves threatened hard to sink us. Passed Fort Vancouver in the night. Landed a mile below. My husband never has left his bed since he was taken sick.

Nov. 28.—Still moving on the water.

Nov. 29.—Landed at Portland on the Willamette, 12 miles above the mouth, at 11 o'clock at night.

Nov. 30.—Raining. This morning I ran about trying to get a house to get into with my sick husband. At last I found a small, leaky concern, with two families already in it. Mrs. Polk had got down before us. She and another widow was in this house. My family and Welch's went in with them, and you could have stirred us with a stick. Welch and my oldest boy was driving the cattle around. My children and I carried up a bed. The distance was nearly a quarter of a mile. Made it down on the floor in the mud. I got some men to carry my husband up through the rain and lay him on it, and he never was out of that shed until he was carried out in his coffin. Here lay five of us bedfast

at one time, and we had no money, and what few things we had left that would bring money, I had to sell. I had to give 10 cents a pound for fresh pork, 75 cents per bushel for potatoes, 4 cents a pound for fish. There are so many of us sick that I cannot write any more at present. I have not time to write much, but I thought it would be interesting to know what kind of weather we have in the winter.

1848.—JAN. 14.—Rain this morning. Warm weather. We suppose it has rained half of the time that I have neglected writing.

JAN. 15.—My husband is still alive, but very sick. There is no medicine here except at Fort Vancouver, and the people there will not sell one bit—not even a bottle of wine.

JAN. 16.—Warm and dry. We are still living in the old, leaky shed in Portland. It is six miles below Vancouver, down the Columbia and 12 miles up the Willamette. Portland has two white houses and one brick and three wood-colored frame houses and a few cabins.

JAN. 17.—Warm and dry.

JAN. 18.—Warm and dry.

JAN. 19.—Warm and dry.

JAN. 20.—Cool and dry. Soldiers are collecting here from every part of Oregon to go and fight the Indians in middle Oregon in consequence of the massacre at Whitman's mission. I think there were§ 17 men killed at the massacre, but no women or children, except Whitman's wife. They killed every white man there except one, and he was an Englishman. They took all the young women for wives. Robbed them of their clothing and everything. The Oregon government bought the prisoners at a dear rate, and then gave the Indians fight; but one white man, I believe, was killed in the war, and not many Indians. The murderers escaped.

JAN. 21.—Warm and dry.

JAN. 22.—Cool and cloudy. A little rain at night.

JAN. 23.—Warm and dry.

JAN. 24.—Dry in daytime, but rain at night.

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§ Fourteen were killed instead of 17. Fifty-three women and children were taken prisoners. The massacre was on November 29-30, 1847.

JAN. 25.—Misty.

JAN. 26.—Misty. Rain at night.

JAN. 27.—Misty.

JAN. 28.—Rain all day.

JAN. 29.—Snow an inch deep, but when the sun arose the snow so that I cannot wear a shoe, so I have to go 'round in the cold disappeared and it was clear all day.

JAN. 30.—Rainy.

JAN. 31.—Rain all day. If I could tell you how we suffer you would not believe it. Our house, or rather a shed joined to a house, leaks all over. The roof descends in such a manner as to make the rain run right down into the fire. I have dipped as much as six pails of water off of our dirt hearth in one night. Here I sit up night after night, with my poor sick husband, all alone, and expecting him every day to die. I neglected to tell you that Welch's and all the rest moved off and left us. Mr. Smith has not been moved off his bed for six weeks only by taking him by each corner of the sheet, and I had hard work to get help enough for that let alone getting watchers. I have not undressed to lie down for six weeks. Besides all our sickness, I had a cross little babe to take care of. Indeed, I cannot tell you half!

FEB. 1.—Rain all day. This day my dear husband, my last remaining friend, died.

FEB. 2.—Today we buried my earthly companion. Now I know what none but widows know; that is, how comfortless is that of a widow's life, especially when left in a strange land, without money or friends and the care of seven children. Cloudy.

FEB. 3.—Clear and warm.

FEB. 4.—Clear and warm.

FEB. 5.—Clear and warm.

FEB. 6.—Clear and cool.

FEB. 7.—Clear and warm.

FEB. 8.—Cloudy. Some rain.

FEB. 9.—Clear and cool. Perhaps you will want to know how cool. I will tell you. We have lived all winter in a shed constructed by setting up studs 5 feet high on the lowest side. The other side joins a cabin. It is boarded up with clapboards and several of them are torn off in places, and there is no shutter to our door, and if it was not for the rain putting out our fire and leaking down all over the house, we would be comfortable.

FEB. 10.—Clear and warm.

FEB. 11.—Clear and warm.

FEB. 12.—Cool and cloudy.

FEB. 13.—Rainy.

FEB. 14.—Cloudy. Rain in the afternoon.

FEB. 15.—Cool. Rain all day.

FEB. 16.—Rain and snow all day.

FEB. 17.—Rain all day.

FEB. 18.—Rain all day.

FEB. 19.—Rain all day.

FEB. 20.—Rain and hail all day.

FEB. 21.—Clear and cool. You will think it strange that we do not leave this starved place. The reason is this—the road from here to the country is impassable in the winter, the distance being 12 miles, and because our cattle are yet very weak.

FEB. 22.—Clear and cool.

FEB. 23.—Clear and cool.

FEB. 24.—Clear and warm. Today we left Portland at sunrise. Having no one to assist us, we had to leave one wagon and part of our things for the want of teams. We traveled 4 or 5 miles, all the way up hill and through the thickest woods I ever saw—all fir from 2 to 6 feet through, with now and then a scattering cedar, and an intolerably bad road. We all had to walk. Sometimes I had to place my babe on the ground and help to keep the wagon from turning over. When we got to the top of the mountain we descended through mud up to the wagon hubs and over logs two feet through, and log bridges torn to pieces in the mud. Sometimes I would be behind out of sight of the wagons, carrying and tugging my little ones along. Sometimes the

boys would stop the teams and come back after us. Made 9 miles. Encamped in thick woods. Found some grass. Unhitched the oxen; let them feed two hours, then chained them to trees. These woods are infested with wild cats, panthers, bears and wolves. A man told me that he had killed 7 tigers; but they are a species of wolves. We made us a fire and made a bed down on the wet ground, and laid down as happy as circumstances would admit. Glad to think we had escaped from Portland—such a game place.

Butteville, Oregon Ty., Yamhill County, Sept. 2, 1850.

Dear and Estimable Friends, Mrs. Paulina Foster and Mrs. Cynthia Ames:

I promised when I saw you last to write to you when I got to Oregon, and I done it faithfully, but as I never have received an answer, I do not know whether you got my letter and diary or not, consequently I do not know what to write now. I wrote four sheets full and sent it to you, but now I have not time to write. I write now to know whether you got my letter; and I will try to state a few things again. My husband was taken sick before we got to any settlement, and never was able to walk afterwards. He died at Portland, on the Willamette River, after an illness of two months. I will not attempt to describe my troubles since I saw you. Suffice it to say that I was left a widow with the care of seven children in a foreign land, without one solitary friend, as one might say, in the land of the living; but this time I will only endeavor to hold up the bright side of the picture. I lived a widow one year and four months. My three boys started for the gold mines, and it was doubtful to me whether I ever saw them again. Perhaps you will think it strange that I let such young boys go; but I was willing and helped them off in as good style as I could. They packed through by land. Russell Welch went by water. The boys never saw Russell in the mines. Well, after the boys were gone, it is true I had plenty of cows and hogs and plenty of wheat to feed them on and to make my bread. Indeed, I was well off if I had only known it; but I lived in a remote place where my strength was of little use to me. I could get nothing to do, and you know I could not live without work. I employed myself in teaching my children: yet that did not fully

occupy my mind. I became as poor as a snake, yet I was in good health, and never was so nimble since I was a child. I could run a half a mile without stopping to breathe. Well, I thought perhaps I had better try my fortune again; so on the 24th of June, 1849, I was married to a Mr. Joseph Geer, a man 14 years older than myself, though young enough for me. He is the father of ten children. They are all married, but two boys and two girls. He is a Yankee from Connecticut and he is a Yankee in every sense of the word, as I told you he would be if it ever proved my lot to marry again. I did not marry rich, but my husband is very industrious, and is as kind to me as I can ask. Indeed, he sometimes provokes me for trying to humor me so much. He is a stout, healthy man for one of his age.

The boys made out poorly at the mines. They started in April and returned in September, I think. They were sick part of the time and happened to be in poor diggings all the while. They only got home with two hundred dollars apiece. They suffered very much while they were gone. When they came home they had less than when they started. Perley did not get there. He started with a man in partnership. The man was to provide for and bring him back, and he was to give the man half he dug; but when they got as far as the Umpqua River, they heard it was so very sickly there that the man turned back; but Perley would not come back. There were two white men keeping ferry on the Umpqua, so Perley stayed with them all summer and in the fall he rigged out on his own hook and started again; but on his way he met his brothers coming home, and they advised him for his life not to go, and so he came back with them.

At this time we are all well but Perley. I cannot answer for him; he has gone to the Umpqua for some money due him. The other two are working for four dollars a day. The two oldest boys have got three town lots in quite a stirring place called Lafayette in Yamhill County. Perley has four horses. A good Indian horse is worth one hundred dollars. A good American cow is worth sixty dollars. My boys live about 25 miles from me, so that I cannot act in the capacity of a mother to them; so you will guess it is not all sunshine with me, for you know my boys are not old enough to do without a mother. Russell Welch done

very well in the mines. He made about twenty hundred dollars. He lives 30 miles below me in a little town called Portland on the Willamette River. Sarah has got her third son. It has been one year since I saw her. Adam Polk's two youngest boys live about wherever they see fit. The oldest, if he is alive, is in California. There is some ague in this country this season, but neither I nor my children, except those that went to California, have had a day's sickness since we came to Oregon.

I believe I will say no more until I hear from you. Write as soon as possible and tell me everything. My husband will close this epistle.

ELIZABETH GEER.

Butteville, Sept. 9, 1850.

Dear Ladies:

As Mrs. Geer has introduced me to you, as her old Yankee husband, I will say a few words, in the hope of becoming more acquainted hereafter. She so often speaks of you, that you seem like old neighbors. She has neglected to tell you that she was once the wife of Cornelius Smith. She has told you how poor she became while a widow, but has not said one word about how fat she has become since she has been living with her Yankee husband. This is probably reserved for the next epistle, so I will say nothing about it.

Of her I will only say she makes me a first-rate wife, industrious, and kind almost to a fault to me, a fault, however, that I can cheerfully overlook, you know.

We are not rich, but independent, and live agreeably together, which is enough. We are located on the west bank of the Willamette River, about 30 miles above Oregon City, about 40 yards from the water—a very pleasant situation. Intend putting out a large orchard as soon as I can prepare the ground: have about ten thousand apple trees, and about 300 pear trees on hand. Trees for sale of the best kinds of fruit. Apple trees worth one dollar, and pears $1.50 apiece. I have not room to give you a description of this, the best country in the world, so I will not attempt it: but if you will answer this I will give you a more particular account next time. I will give a brief account of myself. I left

my native home, Windham, Conn., Sept. 10, 1818, for Ohio; lived in Ohio till Sept. 9, 1840, when I left for Illinois. Left Illinois April 4, 1847, for Oregon; arrived here Oct. 18, 1847. Buried my first wife Dec. 6, 1847.

Now I wish you or some of your folks to write to us and let us know all about the neighbors, as Mrs. Geer is very anxious to hear from you all.

Direct to Joseph C. Geer, Sen., Butteville, Marion County, Oregon Territory.

My best respects to Mr. Ames, and if there is a good Universalist preacher there, tell him he would meet with a cordial welcome here, as there is not one in this Territory.

I must close for want of room.

Yours respectfully,

JOSEPH C. GEER, SEN.

Mrs. P. Foster, and Mrs. C. Ames.

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE IN OREGON IN 1853.

By Hon. John Hailey, Librarian of the State Historical Society of Idaho, Boise, Idaho.

I came across the plains from Dade County, Missouri, to Oregon in 1853 in James Tatom's company. He and his father had four ox teams and about one hundred head of loose cattle. We arrived and stopped at Salem, Oregon, on the evening of October 18, 1853. Salem was a nice little village at that time, consisting of perhaps three hundred people. The country looked nice, but there did not seem to be much doing, and the show for poor emigrant boys to get work was slim. There were seven of us youngsters who had worked our passage across the plains, helping Mr. Tatom, some driving loose cattle, others driving the ox teams. As I had had some experience driving ox teams in Missouri, it fell to my lot to drive what was called the big team of five yoke of oxen to a large wagon. The other teams consisted of only two yoke each.

We all remained at Salem the next day after our arrival, looking around for work, but failed to find any. When we passed Oregon City a few days before, we heard that some company was working quite a number of men there on a kind of breakwater or dam across the Willamette River, so three of us, John S. McBride, James Wilson and myself, concluded to go back to Oregon City and try and get work there. But before we started, Mr. Tatom said that he wanted me to stay with him a few days and help him get his stock located on good range. So it was agreed that McBride and Wilson should go on to Oregon City and try and get work, and as soon as Mr. Tatom's stock was properly located on the range, I would come. Those two boys left for Oregon City and the other four struck for different parts. Tatom and I went out to what was called the Waldo Hills, about eight miles from Salem. Here we found splendid range for stock. The grass was fine and no stock there. We returned to camp and next day, with the assistance of Mr. Tatom's younger brother Isaac, we moved the cattle and the big wagon out there, with a supply of provisions. They returned to Salem to get the family located in a house, and left me alone to look after the cattle. The cattle were well contented and I had an easy, lone-

some time for ten days before he returned to relieve me. I went to Salem that evening, struck out for Oregon City next morning, went to the breakwater works, found McBride and Wilson wheeling rock over a narrow trestle, over very deep water. Occasionally a man would fall in; have to swim out or drown. (I had never run a wheelbarrow, nor had I ever learned to swim.) There was what seemed to me to be a cruel boss on the ground. I spoke to him about work. He said, "Yes; take a wheelbarrow; go wheeling stone with those men." I said, "Over those narrow plank?" He said, "Yes." "No, I will not if I can possibly get anything else to do where I can work on land." On my way down I had been told that a man whose name was William Holmes, residing one and a half miles from Oregon City, wanted to let a contract to have ten acres of land cleared, grubbed, and the scattering timber which stood on it cut into cordwood. I made up my mind at once I would see this man Holmes and try and get this contract, for I knew how to do that kind of work. I left, telling my two friends where I was going. They both said that if I got the contract, they would quit their job and go in with me.

In about four hours I was back and had taken the contract at Mr. Holmes' offer. In the agreement, he was to furnish all necessary tools. I requested him to get the tools for me that day, which he did. We were to board ourselves. I had relied mainly on my two friends' drawing the pay for the work they had done for the breakwater company for means to purchase provisions and camp outfit. When they notified their boss that they were going to quit and wanted their pay (which was about fifteen dollars each) he notified them that they could have no money nor certificate of time until next pay day, which was two weeks off. There was no use kicking. Telling him that they did not have a cent only seemed to please him. I said to them, "Come on, boys; I have money enough for us all to live on until we can earn more." After we started, they inquired how much money I had. I took out my purse and showed them that I had just three dollars and five cents. They seemed to think that a very small amount to purchase what we needed. "Yes," I said, "it's all we have, and we will make it do until we can get an advance on the work we are going to do." I had with me a

tin canteen I had brought from Missouri. We went into a grocery store, got this canteen filled with molasses, costing 25c; bought one small strip of thin bacon for $1.05; seven loaves of baker's bread at 25c each, $1.75; total, $3.05. We had our own blankets. We went up the hill to Mr. Holmes' ranch. He had gotten the necessary tools for us to work with, and told us we could sleep in his barn. We ate of that bread, syrup and raw bacon, went to grubbing at daybreak the next morning, and worked hard. The third day at noon we ate up the last vestige of our supplies. The other men insisted that I should go and see Mr. Holmes and get him to advance us some money. I said to them that I would work a few hours first and maybe Mr. Holmes might come out to see how we were getting along. We had worked quite a while when McBride spoke up and said: "John, it is time you were off to see Mr. Holmes and get some money to buy us some grub." "Yes, pretty soon," says I. The very thought of going and asking for money the third day, when Mr. Holmes had not yet been out to see what we had done, was very disagreeable to me. Besides, I had not told him when I took the contract that we would want money so soon, for I had expected that my two partners would get pay for the work done at Oregon City and that money would keep us in supplies for some time. I was square up against a hard proposition—no grub, no money, and no agreement for an advance of money so early. I kept grubbing, wondering how I could approach Mr. Holmes for money. To say that I felt embarrassed would not express my feelings. I felt that I would rather continue to grub as long as I could stand up, rather than go and ask for money so soon. Just when all of these painful thoughts were almost racking my head, I heard a loud voice speak up near by and say, "You are the best men to work I ever saw." I stopped my grubbing and looked up, and there was Mr. Holmes within a few feet of me. The next words he spoke were: "How are you boys fixed for grub and money?" I said to him. with a trembling voice, "Mr. Holmes, I am sorry to have to tell you that we ate the last bite of grub we had for lunch today and neither of us has a cent of money." Before I had any chance to explain to him how we had been disappointed in not getting the money the boys had earned at Oregon City, he thrust his hand into his pocket and brought out two

ten-dollar gold pieces and handed them to me, giving me at the same time a mild reprimand for not letting him know our condition before. Oh, his presence with those two ten-dollar pieces at that time was like the presence of a ministering angel to us. Mr. Holmes expressed himself as greatly pleased with our work and with the amount we had done.

I passed the money over to McBride and Wilson for them to go to Oregon City and get us some groceries and a few cooking utensils. Mr. Holmes told us that he had plenty of vegetables in his garden and he would let us have them at a less price than we would have to pay for them in town. I went with him to his garden and got all the vegetables we wanted. The old gentleman treated me well. I told him how we had been living and working for three days. He complimented us on our nerve and pride, but told me never to live that way again while around him. The reason he had not been out to see our work sooner, he was at that time sheriff of the county and had been away from his home attending to his official duties. The boys got back about dark. I had a good fire. Well, if you think we did not cook and eat that night, you are badly mistaken.

Sunday came. Mr. Holmes had a lot of long, straight rails and a lot of shakes not in use, which he loaned to us to build a cabin. This we built up against a large fir log, six and a half feet in diameter, having the roof slope one way over this big log. Then Mr. Holmes loaned us an old cook stove; so in a short time we were fairly well fixed for living.

Our work was only a few hundred yards from our cabin, but we always carried our lunch with us, and got to our work as soon as it was light enough to see to work. Notwithstanding it rained almost every day, we never stopped for the rain.

The next time Mr. Holmes came out to where we were working, a few weeks later, he looked around at our work, expressed himself as well pleased with our work, and handed each one of us a fifty-dollar gold coin piece, commonly called "fifty-dollar slugs."

We finished up the contract about Christmas. We then did a few days' work gathering Mr. Holmes' garden vegetables, put-

ting up a few barrels of sauer kraut for him. We then settled up. He paid us every dollar according to agreement. We had done fairly well for emigrants. We had cleared about fifty dollars per month each, over cost of living, while many other immigrants were working for fifteen to twenty dollars per month.

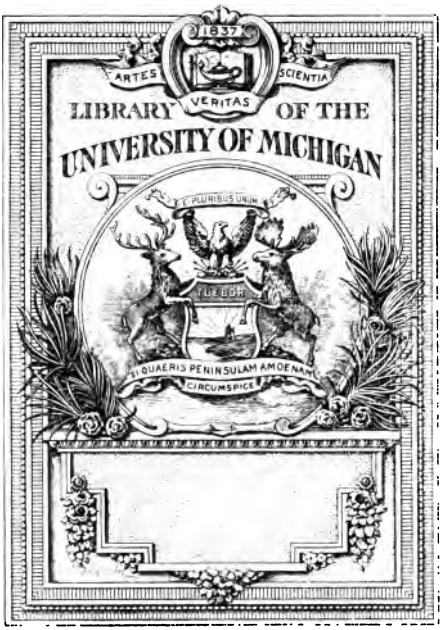
Mr. Holmes had looked out for a place for all of us for the balance of the winter, at one dollar per day; one to work for him, the other two to work for two farmers living about fifteen miles away. One was a Mr. Waterbury, whom he recommended as a very nice man; the other, a near neighbor to Mr. Waterbury, named Mr. Norton, said to have once been a sea captain. I wanted to stay with Mr. Holmes—each of the others did, also. Mr. Waterbury had been over to see us, and we liked his appearance, but we all had a dread of the old sea captain, Norton. I could not prevail on my two companions to agree for me to work for Mr. Holmes, nor for Mr. Waterbury. Notwithstanding that I was the youngest, only past 18 years old, and they 24 and 26 years old, they insisted that I had had as much experience as they, and they thought I could get along with the old sea captain better than either of them could; besides, we had been told that the work the captain wanted done was mostly chopping and splitting rails, which was work that I rather liked and they disliked. So they talked me into agreeing for Wilson to work for Mr. Holmes, McBride for Mr. Waterbury, and I to work for Captain Norton. So Wilson went to work for Mr. Holmes and McBride and I went to Mr. Waterbury's. He went with us over to Captain Norton's and introduced me as the man that had come to work for him. He seemed pleased, said he had heard we were fine workers, and his work was getting behind; was glad I had come. I asked him if he could give me an outline of the kind of work he expected me to do. He said, with all the importance of a sea captain giving orders to deck hands: "Yes; I want you to get us at 4 o'clock every morning, make a fire in the kitchen, one in the parlor; go to the stable, feed and dress off three horses; feed and milk one keow; chop up wood to do through the day for both fires; put the wood in the wood-boxes; by that time breakfast will be ready; then it will be light enough so you can see to go to the timber a half mile away to make rails." I said:

"Captain, about how many rails would you expect me to chop and split each day?" "Well," he said, "some have chopped and split two hundred and fifty per day, but if you chop and split two hundred and get in in time to do up the chores in the evening the same as in the morning, I will be satisfied." I straightened up a little and said, "Captain, I am fairly good at feeding and taking care of horses, feeding cows, chopping wood, and have never found a man that could chop and split more rails than I can; but I never milked a cow, nor will I ever milk one for you, or start in to do the amount of work you expect me to do each day for one dollar per day for you or for any other man. Good day, Captain."

I left him, stayed that night with McBride at Mr. Waterbury's, left the next morning, alone, with my blankets and grip, and brought up in January, 1854, at Empire City, on Coos Bay, in Oregon.

Pioneer Assoc. Trans.
10th Annual reunion 1882

University of Michigan.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TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

TENTH ANNUAL RE-UNION

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association

FOR

1882;

AND THE

ANNUAL ADDRESS DELIVERED BY HON. JAMES K. KELLY,

TOGETHER WITH

THE OCCASIONAL ADDRESS BY HON. F. A. CHENOWETH, REMARKS BY MRS. A. S. DUNIWAY, AND AN HISTORICAL ADDRESS BY HON. J. QUINN THORNTON, LL. D.

THE

FUNERAL ORATION OF HON. J. W. NESMITH AT THE TOMB OF GEN. LANE.

AND OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST.

SALEM, OREGON:

E. M. WAITE, STEAM PRINTER AND BOOKBINDER.

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ALIS VOLAT PROPRIIS

SOCIETY AND DIRECTOR'S MEETINGS.

OREGON STATE FAIR GOUNDS,
JUNE 15th, 1882.

At the annual election of the Oregon Pioneer Association held on this day, the following officers were elected to serve during the ensuing year :

President—J. W. Nesmith.
Vice President—J. W. Grim.
Secretary—T. B. Odeneal.
Corresponding Secretary—W. H. Reese.
Treasurer—J. M. Bacon.
Directors—E. M. Waite, F. X. Matthieu and Joseph Watt.

Pursuant to a call of the President, the officers and directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met at the office of the Clerk of the Supreme Court, in Salem, on Wednesday, the 14th of February, 1883, at 2 o'clock P. M.

Present—J. W. Nesmith, President ; J. W. Grim, Vice President; F. X. Matthieu, Joseph Watt and E. M. Waite, Directors, and T. B. Odeneal, Secretary.

The object of the meeting having been stated by the President, the following business was transacted :

It was resolved that the eleventh annual re-union of the Oregon Pioneer Association be held at the State Fair grounds on Friday, the 15th day of June, 1883.

Al. Zeiber, Esq., of Portland, was elected Grand Marshal.

It was resolved that Hon. W. Lair Hill, of the Dalles, be

chosen and invited to deliver the annual address; and that Rev. Edward R. Geary, of Eugene City, be chosen and requested to deliver the occasional address.

John G. Wright, Daniel Clark and Jasper Minto, were appointed a general committee of arrangements, to make all needful preparations, and arrange a programme for the celebration.

A resolution was adopted authorizing E. M. Waite to print 1000 copies of the transactions of the re union of 1882.

It was resolved that the President and Secretary be authorized to select and arrange for publication such historical matters and biographical sketches as they may deem proper.

Joseph Watt was appointed to negotiate with the officers of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company relative to the terms of a pioneer excursion when the road shall be completed.

Medorum Crawford was chosen and given general authority, in conjunction with the treasurer, to collect dues from members of the Association.

E. M. Waite was appointed committee on printing.

The meeting adjourned subject to the call of the President.

OPENING ADDRESS.

BY HON. MEDORUM CRAWFORD.

The tenth annual re-union of the Oregon Pioneer Association, was held at the State Fair grounds, June 15, 1882, and was largely attended. The procession was formed by Al. Zieber, Chief Marshal, with the Capital Guard band in the lead, followed by the pioneers under their different banners. The procession moved around the park once, and then entered and took their seats near the platform. After music by the band, prayer was offered by Rev. J. L. Parrish.

Hon. Medorum Crawford, President of the Association, then stepped forward and delivered the following opening address:

Pioneers of Oregon: In opening the exercises of the day, I can only take time, after giving you cordial greeting and expressing my gratification in meeting you again here, where so many pleasant re-unions have been held, to refer hastily to such reminiscences as pioneers are always pleased to hear and talk about.

Just thirty-six years ago to-day Great Britain relinquished her claim to Oregon, and by treaty conceded to the United States the right to the land which some of us had already taken possession of at risks unparalleled in the history of this century. This is an anniversary that should be sacred to every Oregonian, and especially to those pioneers who shared in the perils of occupation and the anxiety concerning the settlement of the title to this then disputed territory.

Nine years ago a few of the early settlers desiring to perpetuate history and incidents connected with the settlement on the Pacific coast, organized this society to promote social intercourse and collect from living witnesses facts worthy of preservation.

Annual meetings have been held and able speakers have volunteered to deliver, and furnish for publication, addresses pertaining to the general history of the country, and also the special history and incidents of each immigration from 1842 to 1848. These addresses and proceedings of our society, together with

much valuable historical and biographical information contributed by the most able writers of the Pacific coast, with extracts from the journals of distinguished members of the late Hudson's Bay company, have been published in pamphlets suitable for binding, and altogether will make a volume of near seven hundred pages of interesting and valuable information, which will doubtless furnish the basis of the future history of Oregon.

This is the tenth annual reunion of our Society, and I am pleased to see so many old pioneers take interest enough to congregate on the occasion which should, and I hope will, long be the pioneers' holiday.

Looking back over the forty years since I came to Oregon, a poor immigrant boy in buckskin garments, I find many of my comrades have fallen out of the ranks to rest by the wayside.

Now and then I meet some old grey-beard like myself, who still lingers in the fight, unwilling to be carried to the rear, who remembers the days of boiled wheat and salmon, of pea coffee and trail-rope tobacco, of wooden plows and hickory shirts—when the pony and the canoe furnished the principal means of transportation, an Indian trail the thoroughfare, with a drift log or a dug-out for a ferryboat. But the ranks are thinning Almost every day we see the annoucement, "Another pioneer gone." A few years more and the earliest pioneers will be laid away, and not one in a hundred will be farther remembered or thought of than "my father" or "my mother knew him. They crossed the plains together before the gold mines were discovered in California."

Crossing the plains, going to the mines, and serving in the Cayuse war are especial episodes in the lives of the earliest pioneers, who, growing garrulous in their old age, find no end of incidents, then regarded as mere trifles, but which have been so improved by time and age as to become hairbreadth escapes, fearful privations and deeds of valor.

And, indeed, looking back and contrasting the prosperity, the ease and the luxury enjoyed by the present generation with the poverty and hardships of their ancestors, it is but natural that the trials and privations then encountered should magnify in the minds of those whose lot it was to endure them.

To attempt to describe the changes that have taken place in our country, or pay proper tribute to the multitude of brave and generous comrades that have fallen from our ranks to their final resting places, would require more time and an abler pen than I can command. Nor is it profitable to dwell too much upon the vicissitudes of life. Let us rather contemplate the prosperous present and promising future of our adopted home. The sun of heaven shines upon no spot of earth equal to Oregon, and whatever suffering and privation may have been endured in its settlement and reclamation from its native savages, has been amply compensated by the comforts and blessings now enjoyed.

ANNUAL ADDRESS.

BY HON. JAMES K. KELLY.

At the close of the President's address, and after music by the band, Hon. James K. Kelly, of Portland, was introduced and delivered the following interesting address on the early pioneer life of Oregon, and important information relative to the formation of the Provisional Government of Oregon:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Pioneer Association:—We have met together on this pleasant day of June—a day which marks an epoch that is memorable in the annals of Oregon; a day on which was removed the great cloud that for twenty-eight years hung over the title of the United States to the country in which we have our homes. It is a day fit for us to commemorate while the Oregon Pioneer Association shall endure.

We meet within sight of the capital of a young but growing and prosperous State, where a government of our own choice makes, administers and executes the laws of a free and happy people. We are citizens of a commonwealth where we can now procure all the necessaries, comforts and luxuries of civilized life. We have our homes in a land where liberty and law prevail instead of the anarchy which existed when the early pioneers first placed their footsteps upon the soil.

Coming together then as we do on occasions like this, it is natural that our minds should turn back to the days of trial and hardship which every pioneer endured. Memory is busy with the past, and dwells upon the incidents connected with the great jouney over the plains to this land of promise, with all its attendant dangers and privations, its sufferings and sorrows. And then, too, how different was the condition of the pioneers from what it is now. When the weary days of travel were over; when their toilsome journey was ended, they found themselves dwelling, in a land without government or laws to protect them in their rights or redress their wrongs.

Again and again had the early settlers forwarded their petitions to Congress, asking in simple and touching language that the laws and the protecting care of the United States government might be extended over them, but all in vain.

Until 1848 every appeal was disregarded; and every supplication of the neglected pioneer was unanswered, and died out as though it had been spoken to the heedless air. Aroused at length to the necessity of adopting a system of law for their own protection, the settlers in the Willamette valley, in 1843, established what in history is known as the Provisional Government of Oregon. And it is upon this subject that I will address you to-day; that is,

GOVERNMENT AS ESTABLISHED AND ADMINISTERED BY THE PIONEERS AND ITS RESULTS.

From the 20th day of October, 1818, to the 15th day of June, 1846, the vast country known as the Oregon Territory was in dispute. The title to it was claimed both by the United States and Great Britain, and by treaty stipulation between them was "free and open to the vessels, citizens and subjects of the two powers." While it was thus open to settlement alike by both, yet it is a fact that until within ten years prior to the close of that joint occupation, the advantages of trade, commerce and colonization were decidedly in favor of Great Britain. The Hudson's Bay Company, one of her most powerful and aggressive corporations, had extended its sway from the Rocky mountains to the Pacific ocean; from California to Alaska. By its great wealth and superior skill it had crushed out all its rivals in the fur trade, and thus acquired unmolested dominion over the whole country west of the Rocky mountains. Its principal factory was established at Fort Vancouver, an eligible and accessible point for sea-going vessels and foreign commerce, while it had its subordinate trading posts throughout the vast interior wherever a successful traffic could be had with the Indians for their furs, in exchange for its goods and merchandise. It had its factors, agents, traders, trappers, voyagers and servants all working in perfect harmony, to advance the interests and increase the power of the giant monopoly, and to destroy every competitor who attempted to trade with the natives for their peltries and furs. Its policy was one of uncompromising hostility towards every person or company who interfered with its traffic or who questioned its exclusive right to trade with the natives, within the territory of Oregon. It had at the time the treaty of 1846 was made, twenty-three forts and trading posts judiciously located for trading with the Indians and trappers in its employ. It had fifty-five officers and five hundred and thirteen articled men under its control, all working together to maintain its supremacy and power.

Besides these men in its actual employ, the Hudson's Bay Company had under its control about fifty Canadians, who had settled in the Willamette Valley on what is known as the French Prairie, and were engaged in agricultural pursuits. These men had formerly been articled servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, and it was bound under heavy penalties not to discharge any of them

in the Indian country, but was under obligations to return them, at the end of their services, to the places where they were engaged. And as is stated by Dr. McLaughlin, in a document found among his private papers after his death, for this reason these Canadian Frenchmen were still retained on the company's books as its servants, although no service was exacted from them and they were permitted to work for themselves. They were, however, still under the control of the Hudson's Bay Company, and still inclined, as British subjects, to uphold and maintain the supremacy of Great Britain in the country where they lived.

The Hudson's Bay Company and all its servants within the limits of Oregon were, moreover, under the protecting care of the British Government. Parliament, at an early day after the joint occupation of the country commenced, had extended the colonial jurisdiction and civil laws of Canada over all British subjects within the disputed territory. Magistrates were appointed to administer and execute those laws, who exercised jurisdiction in civil cases where the amount in controversy did not exceed £200 sterling; and in criminal cases the same magistrates were authorized to commit persons accused of crime and send them to Canada for trial.

This was the condition of affairs in the country under the treaty of joint occupation so far as it related to the Hudson's Bay Company and all British subjects within the territory.

Let us now take a retrospective view and see how and to what extent the country was occupied by citizens of the United States under the treaty of joint occupation.

In the year 1834 the Rev. Jason Lee and his nephew, Rev. David Lee, Cyrus Shepard and P. L. Edwards were sent by the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church to establish missionary stations among the Indian tribes on the Pacific Coast. This party crossed the great plains in company with Captain Nathaniel Wyeth, who had started on an exploring expedition with the view of establishing a permanent trade in Oregon. So far as Captain Wyeth's venture was concerned, it proved in the end a failure, as similar ones had done before. The heavy hand of the Hudson's Bay Company was laid upon him, as upon all rivals in the fur trade, and they disappeared.

The missionaries who came that year under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church, established their first missionary station in the Willamette Valley, about ten miles below where Salem now stands, on the right bank of the river. Their object in coming to Oregon was not to form a settlement in the country; it was not to occupy it as colonists, but to convert the Indians to the Christian faith. Their work was in the cause of their Divine Master; not for secular purposes, or to accomplish political ends.

In 1840 the effective force of the mission was increased by the arrival of a number of missionaries with their families, who came by sea around Cape Horn. But with their increase in number the character of the mission itself soon under went somewhat of a change. It assumed more the character of a religious community or association, than of simple missionaries actuated with the zeal of its founders to preach the gospel to heathen Indians. Instead of devoting themselves exclusively to teach and Christianize the natives, they began to look upon the country as an inviting one for settlement, for trade, for commerce and to make permanent homes for themselves and their children. And in this they acted wisely and well. They saw the neeessity of devoting more of their time to the interests and welfare of the white settlers than to the Indians. Schools were established and churches were built by them, and thus a nucleus for a colonial settlement was created, which in after times was of essential benefit to the community at large. This missionary society was still governed by its own rules and regulations, which, in the absence of established government, conduced greatly to the preservation of order, not only among the missionaries themselves, but also among the independent settlers in the commuuity.

In the great valley of the Columbia, east of the Cascade mountains, other missionary stations were established under the care and control of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. One of these was located among the Cayuse Indians, at Wailatpu, in the Walla Walla Valley, and was under the supervision of Dr. Marcus Whitman and wife. Another was among the Nez Perce Indians, at Lapwai, under the superintendence of Rev. H. H. Spolding and wife, and a third among the Spokane Indians, was established a year or two afterwards, under charge of Rev. Cushing Eels and the Rev. Elkanah Walker and their wives. All these missionaries were zealous in the good work which they had undertaken. Not only did they teach the Indians among whom they were stationed the great truths of revealed religion, but instructed them in the rudiments of agriculture and some of the simple mechanic arts as well. These stations were widely separated from each other, and the missionaries at each were necessarily dependent upon the good faith of the Indians by whom they were surrounded, and for whose welfare they devoted their labors and their lives. Engaged in such a calling, it could hardly be expected that they would give much attention to the settlement of the great question as to which nation, the United States or Great Britain, should ultimately acquire the title to the country in which they lived. They were, perhaps, too much engaged in their Master's work to give heed to the political questions of the day. Yet to this there was one notable exception in Dr. Whitman. While he was sincere and zealous in the discharge of his duties as a missionary among the Indians, yet he was all

alive to the importance of securing Oregon as an American possession against the claims of Great Britain. He was intensely American in all his feelings; a man of indomitable will and perseverence in whatever he undertook to accomplish; whom no danger could daunt, and no hardship could deter from the performance of any act which he deemed it a duty to discharge. And perhaps to Dr. Whitman, more than to any other man, are the people of Oregon indebted that to-day we are living under the stars and stripes, instead of the banner of St. George.

Besides the missionary societies to which I have referred, there were in Oregon, prior to the formation of the provincial government, a number of American citizens who were not connected with either the Methodist or the Presbyterian missions. Some of these were of the class known as free trappers. Men who had been in the employ of Captain Wyeth, Wilson G. Hunt and other independent fur traders. Some had come to Oregon from California, and some found their way here on trading vessels that had occasionally come from the Atlantic States. And in addition to these, quite a number came across the plains in the first immigration of 1842.

These men, after various wanderings, had come to the beautiful Willamette Valley to make it a home for themselves and their children. And as they were not connected with either of the missionary societies, nor with the Hudson's Bay Company, they were known in the community as *independent settlers*.

This was the condition of the people of Oregon prior to the time when the provisional government was first organized, in the year 1843. So far as the American population were concerned, they were, through the inattention and neglect of Congress, absolutely without government or laws of any kind. It is true, as I stated before, that the missionaries and those connected with them had rules and regulations established by themselves which governed them in their social intercourse with each other, and united them in a common cause for their mutual protection. But the *independent settlers* had not even that security for their lives or their property. By their own government, which ought to have thrown around them its protecting ægis, they were treated literally as political outcasts, who had placed themselves beyond its reach or its care. In this emergency they had to rely on their own stout hearts and strong arms to vindicate their rights and redress their wrongs.

On January 28, 1839, Hon. Lewis F. Linn, one of the United States Senators from Missouri—and always the devoted friend and champion of Oregon—presented to the Senate a petition of J. L. Whitcomb and thirty-five other settlers in Oregon, which in simple and touching language set forth the condition of the country, its importance to the United States, its great natural resources, and the

necessity of civil government for its inhabitants. Among other things in their petition they say:

"But a good community will hardly emigrate to a country which promises no protection to life and property. * * * We can boast of no civil code. We can promise no protection but the ulterior resort of self-defense. * * * We have thus briefly shown that the security of our persons and our property, the hopes and destinies of our children, are involved in the subject of our petition. We do not presume to suggest the manner in which the country should be occupied by the government, nor the extent to which our settlement should be encouraged. We confide in the wisdom of our national legislators, and leave the subject to their candid deliberations."

This petition was read, laid on the table and neglected. In June, 1840, Senator Linn again presented a memorial signed by seventy citizens of Oregon, praying for the extension of the jurisdiction and laws of the United States over that territory.

In this memorial the petitioners say: "That they have no means of protecting their own and the lives of their families, other than self-constituted tribunals, organized and sustained by the power of an ill-instructed public opinion, and the resort to force and arms." And again they besought Congress to extend its jurisdiction and laws over them.

This memorial, like the preceding one, was laid on the table and quickly forgotten by a majority of the Senators to whom it was addressed. But not by all. Senator Linn remained the tried and true friend of Oregon till his untimely death. He had, during three terms of Congress, introduced and urged the consideration of bills for the purpose of extending the jurisdiction and laws of the United States over the Territory of Oregon. He had also introduced and urged the passage of bills granting donations of the public lands in Oregon to citizens of the United States who had settled there. His speeches in the Senate, in advocacy of these measures, show his earnestness and zeal in behalf of the early pioneers of Oregon.

Senator Linn died suddenly on the 3d day of October, 1843, in the forty-eighth year of his age, and by his death the pioneers lost their most steadfast friend, their most faithful advocate, and their greatest benefactor. Pronouncing a most touching eulogium in the Senate upon his dead colleague, Senator Benton among other things, said of Dr. Linn:

"In the character and life of such a man, so exhuberant in all that is grand and beautiful in human nature, it is difficult to particularize excellencies, or pick out any one quality or circumstance which could claim pre-eminence over

all others. If I should attempt it, I should point among his measures for the benefit of the whole Union, to the Oregon bills."

The Oregon bills to which Mr. Benton alluded, died with the Senator who introduced them. And eight years after his death, the legislative assembly of Oregon, in a spirit of gratitude, and out of affectionate regard for the memory of the illustrious Linn, gave his name to one of the largest and most productive counties in the Territory.

Why Congress suffered the petitions of the settlers in Oregon to lie unheeded and unanswered; why it failed to protect them by the extension of the laws over the Territory, as the English government had done for British subjects, must, of course, remain a matter of conjecture. I fear, however, it was the result of moral cowardice; the dread that any action of this kind on the part of our government would provoke hostilities with Great Britain. Even as late as 1846, when the Oregon question was under discussion, in regard to giving notice to Great Britain of our desire to terminate the treaty of joint occupation, this craven spirit crept into the debates of Congressmen. For illustration, I quote from a speech made by Mr. Pendleton, of Virginia, as to the propriety of extending the laws of the United States over Oregon, in order to give protection to American citizens who had settled there. Assailing the policy of Mr. Polk's administration in regard to Oregon, and the possibility that, if carried out, it would result in war with England, Mr. Pendleton said:

"I am for making our title (to Oregon) good by prudent means, by wise and judicious policy, by 'masterly inactivity,' if that be best, as I think it is. The President of the United States speaks of our obligation to facilitate emigration to Oregon and to protect our 'patriotic pioneers' who are there, and gentlemen tell us of the attachment of these people to their dear native land. Why do they leave it, sir? Why is it they retire before civilization, preferring the wild excitement and rugged discomforts of the wilderness, to the repose, the security, and the refinements of civilized life? They manifest their attachment by disregarding the influences that bind ordinary men to the place of their nativity; by snapping recklessly the ties of blood and kindred and social connections, and calmly, and of their own free choice, deserting a generous soil and a genial clime, abandoning their hearths and the altars of their childhood and youth, to toil through a vast and perilous wilderness, where savage man and savage beast meet them at every turn. * * * And it is for these restless and wayward wanderers that the distinguished gentleman from Alabama would have our government endeavor to realize the fabulous ubiquity of the Roman power, sending its ægis throughout the world for their protection.

"Sir, I am against any such principle. It is easier for these people to stay

at home, than for us to go to war. If they will go upon territory the title to which is unsettled, let them go at their own risk. A few men have no right to involve millions in war. It is not the policy of our government to be running over the world looking after citizens whose allegiance is manifested only by acts of expatriation."

These were sentiments uttered in debate by a distinguished member of Congress, towards the Oregon pioneers, as late as January, 1846. Sentiments prompted by a fear of England's wrath and a dread of England's power, if our government should attempt to assert the right to protect its citizens in the disputed territory. To a much greater extent did this feeling prevail in Congress prior to the year 1843. And it was for these reasons, I fear, that a majority of that body allowed the petitions of the early settlers, presented to the Senate by Dr. Linn, to lie on the table unheeded and unanswered.

Wearied and disappointed at length by the neglect of Congress to give them that protection for which they petitioned, the people of Oregon resolved to establish a temporary government for themselves. The increasing immigation across the plains required that this should be done, in order that anarchy might not exist among the settlers, and in order that life and property might be protected.

The first attempt to organize a temporary government by the American settlers was made in 1841. On the 17th of February of that year, a meeting of some of the inhabitants of the Willamette Valley was held at the Methodist mission house, for the purpose of consulting about the propriety of preparing laws, and electing officers to execute them, in order to preserve peace and good order among the people. The Rev. Jason Lee was chosen chairman, and Rev. Gustavus Hines secretary. After transacting some preliminary business the meeting adjourned to meet the next day. On the 18th of February Rev. David Leslie was elected chairman, and Rev. Gustavus Hines and Sydney Smith were chosen secretaries. A committee was appointed to frame a constitution and draft a code of laws. It consisted of the following persons: Rev. F. N. Blanchet, Rev. Jason Lee, Rev. Gustavus Hines, David Donpierre, Mr. Charlevon, Robert Moore, J. L. Parrish, Etienne Lucie and William Johnson.

The meeting then appointed Ira L. Babcock Supreme Judge, with probate powers; George W. Le Breton Clerk of the Court, and William Johnson High Sheriff. The meeting then adjourned to meet on the 1st day of June, to receive the report of the committee appointed to draft a constitution and code of laws.

When that day came it appeared that no meeting of the committee had been held, and consequently no report had been prepared.

Rev. F. N. Blanchet requested to be excused from serving on the committee. His request was granted, and Dr. W. J. Bailey was chosen in his stead.

The committee was instructed to meet on the first Monday in August, and to make their report to an adjourned meeting on the first Tuesday in October. They were also further instructed to consult with Commodore Wilkes, of the American squadron, then in Oregon, and Dr. John McLaughlin, chief factor of the Hudson Bay Company, with regard to the propriety of forming a constitution and code of laws for the community.

This meeting also rescinded its action taken on the 18th of February in regard to the appointment of officers, and then adjourned to meet again on the first Tuesday of October, to receive the report of the committee appointed to prepare the constitution and code of laws. But that committee never met to fulfill its duty, nor did the meeting ever assemble again. The whole thing amounted to nothing. It was an entire, pitiful failure. The disappointment among the people, especially among the independent settlers, was very great. Some of them attributed the result to the influences of the Hudson Bay people. Some to the advice of Commodore Wilkes, given to the committee to refrain from organizing an independent government in Oregon; while some of them were ill-natured enough to say that there were too many preachers connected with the affair; and too many of them were aspirants for the office of Governor, for the project to succeed. Certain it is that the projectors of the proposed government were entitled to no credit for what they did; and they certainly received none from the people.

Although these meetings, gotten up by the missionaries for the purpose of establishing a temporary government, proved an utter failure, and the settlers were sorely disappointed at the result, yet they were by no means discouraged or despondent, and resolved to make another effort to accomplish that in which the missionary meeting had failed.

This time the independent settlers—I mean those disconnected with the missions and the Hudson Bay Company—were determined to take the matter into their own hands. Among the most active of these was Wm. H. Gray, now a resident of Clatsop county. And perhaps to him, more than to any other one, belongs the credit of the formation of the Provisional Government. He had come to Oregon in 1836 with Dr. Whitman's party of missionaries, but having severed his connection with them, came to the Willamette Valley in 1842, and made his home there.

It was at his house that a meeting of a number of the citizens was called on the 2d day of February, 1843, ostensibly for the purpose of taking measures to protect the herds of the settlers from the depredations of wild animals, but

actually the object of the meeting was more for the purpose of concerting measures for the formation of some kind of civil government, than the protection of herds from the ravages of wolves and other wild animals. At this meeting a committee of six was appointed to give notice to the people that a general meeting would be held at the house of Joseph Gervais on the first Monday in March, "in order to take into consideration the propriety of adopting some measures for the protection of our herds, *&c.*, in this country"—in the "&c." lay the hidden object of the call; but it was not then intended to disclose it, lest opposition to the proposed meeting should be aroused. The committee appointed to give the notice to the people consisted of Messrs. Gray, Beers, Gervais, Wilson, Barnaby and Pierce.

On the first Monday in March, in pursuance of the resolution adopted at the previous meeting, a general meeting of the citizens of the Willamette Valley was held at the house of Joseph Gervais. James A. O'Neil, who had come to Oregon in 1834 with Capt. Wyeth's party, was called to the chair, and understood what was the real object of the meeting.

Resolutions were adopted setting forth the necessity of taking immediate measures to provide for the destruction of wolves, bears and panthers and such other animals as are known to be destructive to cattle, horses, sheep and hogs. Specific sums of money were offered to all persons who who would destroy them, and subscriptions of money or property were authorized to be collected to pay for their destruction.

The ostensible object for which the meeting was called having thus been disposed of, the real purpose was disclosed by the following proceedings:

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to take into consideration the propriety of taking measures for the civil and military protection of this colony.

Resolved, That said committee consist of twelve persons.

Messrs. Dr. Babcock, Dr. White, O'Neil, Shortess, Newell, Lucie, Gervais, Hubbard, McKay, Gray, Smith and Gay were appointed said committee. The meeting then adjourned.

The committee so appointed first met at the Willamette Falls, to discuss such measures as were deemed important, to be presented in a report to a general meeting of the inhabitants of the Willamette Valley. They consulted with leading citizens and endeavored to harmonize such conflicting views as existed among them, concerning the propriety of establishing a temporary government of the people. Having sufficiently considered the matter, a general meeting was called to take place at Champoeg on the second day of May.

In the meantime the people had become much interested in the question as to the propriety of the proposed government. The American settlers were

nearly all in favor of the project, while it was known that the Canadians who had been in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company, and who were still British subjects, were decidedly opposed to the measure.

At length the second day of May, 1843, arrived, when the general meeting of the people was to be held at Champoeg, a day that was to be memorable in the annals of Oregon; a day on which was to be decided the great question whether the American settlers were to have civil government established for the protection of their rights, or whether every man in the community was to continue to be a law unto himself.

Dr. I. L. Babcock was chosen the Chairman, and Messrs. Gray, LeBreton and Wilson, Secretaries of the meeting, which was held in an open field. Both parties were well drilled, active and alert, and when the committee of twelve made their report, it was read, and a motion was made to accept it. A vote having been taken, it was declared by the Chairman to be lost. Much excitement and confusion existed at this unexpected result. A division was immediately called, those in favor of the objects of the meeting arranging themselves on the right, and those opposed on the left, and upon a count being had, it was ascertained that there were fifty-two in favor of receiving the report of the committee and fifty against it; at least this was the count as declared by Gray and LeBreton, who exercised the important privilege of tellers on this memorable occasion. A shout of triumph on part of American settlers, led off by Joe Meek, carried dismay into the ranks of their opponents. The greater part of them left the meeting and returned to their homes, taking no further part in the proceedings of the day.

The meeting then took up the report of the committee and adopted it article by article, thereby authorizing the following officers to be elected:

A Supreme Judge, with probate powers; a Clerk of the Court, a Sheriff, three Magistrates, three Constables, a Treasurer, a Major and three Captains.

The persons to fill these various offices were then chosen, but it was provided that they should not act in the discharge of their duties until a code of laws was made and adopted.

The most important proceedings, however, was the adoption of the committee's report, which read as follows:

"That a committee of nine persons be chosen for the purpose of drafting a code of laws for the government of this community, to be presented to a public meeting to be hereafter called by them on the fifth day of July next for their acceptance."

In this important resolution lay the germ of the future Provisional Government of Oregon.

This committee, known in the early history of the Territory as the Legislative Committee, was chosen by ballot, and as more responsible duties developed upon the gentlemen composing it than had been given to any other committee by the people of Oregon, I give their names in full. They were:

David Hill, Robert Shortess, Robert Newell, Alanson Beers, Thomas J. Hubbard, Wm. H. Gray, Thomas A. O'Neil, Robert Moore and William P. Dougherty.

The meeting adopted some further resolutions to the effect:

That the Legislative Committee be required to make their report on the fifth day of July next, at Champoeg.

That the services of the Legislative Commiteee be paid for at $1 25 per day, and that the money be raised by subscription, and

That the Legislative Committee should not sit more than six days.

On the 16th of May, two weeks after the time they were chosen, the Legislative Committee entered upon the discharge of the important duties imposed upon them by the people, and in six days, the time alloted to them, their work was done and ready to be submitted to the citizens at the public meeting to be held at Champoeg. And for their labors they charged nothing.

Again, as the Oregon archives show, the inhabitants of the Territory met on the 5th day of July, 1843, pursuant to adjournment, to hear the report of the Legislative Committee.

That report was presented by Mr. Robert Moore, the Chairman, read article by article, and discussed by the people, and with some slight amendments, the whole of it was adopted and become the organic law of Oregon Territory. And thus, within five months and three days after the first meeting at Mr. Gray's house, the Provisional Government became an established fact.

The organic law thus adopted divided the Territory into four districts, and authorized the election of all officers, civil and military, to be elected by the qualified electors on the second Tuesday in May, 1844, and on the same day annually thereafter.

It provided that every free male descendent of a white man, of the age of twenty-one years and upwards, then residing in the Territory, or who should thereafter become a resident for six months, should be a voter.

The executive power was vested in a committee of three persons, to be elected annually.

The legislative power was vested in one body composed of nine persons, to be chosen annually by the qualified electors.

The judicial power was vested in a Supreme Court consisting of a Supreme Judge and two Justices of the Peace, a Probate Judge and Justices of the Peace.

A Treasurer was authorized to be elected, who should receive all sums of

money or orders which might be subscribed by the people for defraying the expenses of the government.

It provided a military code, and the manner in which the militia should be organized. And, what was of the greatest importance to the settlers, it provided for the occupation of the public lands.

It declared that no individual should be allowed to hold a claim of more than one mile square, or 640 acres, in a square or oblong form, according to the natural situation of the premises ; and that no individual should be allowed to hold more than one claim at the same time.

And finally it adopted for the government of the people certain enumerated laws of Iowa, passed by the Legislative Assembly of that Territory in 1838-9. These, thus briefly stated, were the salient features of the new government adopted by the people on the 5th day of July, 1843.

To carry into effect these laws, the people then assembled elected the Executive Committee for the ensuing year. The gentlemen composing it were David Hill, Alanson Beers and Joseph Gale. A. E. Wilson had been chosen Supreme Judge; G. W. LeBreton, Clerk; Joseph L. Meek, Sheriff, and W. H. Wilson, Treasurer.

And now on the 5th day of July, 1843, Civil Government was first organized, and went into successful operation in the Territory of Oregon.

On the second Tuesday of May, 1844, the first election was held under the organic law of Oregon Territory. William J. Bailey, Osborn Russell and Peter G. Stewart were elected the Executive Committee. The Legislative Committee then chosen consisted of the following gentlemen: From Tuality district, Peter H. Burnett, David Hill, M. M. McCarver and Matthias Gilmore; from Clackamas district, A. L. Lovejoy; from Champoeg district, Daniel Waldo, Thomas D. Keizer and Robert Newell.

On the 18th day of June following their election, the Legislative Committee convened at the Willamette Falls, and was organized by the election of M. M. McCarver as speaker.

The legislation, during this year, was chiefly of a local nature such as pertained to the wants of the community, and it is unnecessary to refer specially to the business which was transacted during the session.

On the 24th of June, 1845, the second Legislative Committee convened at Oregon City, and was composed of the following members: From Clackamas county, H. A. G. Lee, W. H. Gray and Hiram Straight; from Champoeg county. Robert Newell, J. M. Garrison, M. G. Foisy and Barton Lee; from Yamhill county, Jesse Applegate; from Taulity county, M. M. McCarver, J. W.

Smith and David Hill; from Clatsop county, John McClure. It was organized by the election of M. M. McCarver, speaker.

The Legislative Committee during this session was chiefly occupied in the preparation of an amended organic law to be submitted to the people of the territory for their adoption. This measure had been strongly recommended by Messrs. Russell and Stewart of the Executive Committee, at the preceding session, and owing to the great increase in the population since the adoption of the first organic law on the 5th of July, 1843, and the increased wealth and ability to maintain the government, seemed to require that its powers should be enlarged.

A committee, or rather a sub-committee, consisting of Messrs. Lee, Newell, Applegate, Smith and McClure was appointed to prepare the amended organic law. This was done chiefly by Jesse Applegate, reported to the committee and unanimously adopted on the 2d of July, and submitted to the people to be voted upon, on the 26th of July, 1845.

On that day it was adopted by a majority of 203 votes, and thus became the organic laws of the territory, and remained such until the Provisional Government was superseded by the Territorial Government established by the United States.

So well known to all, are the provisions of the organic law adopted on the 26th of July, 1845, and information concerning it is so easily to be obtained that I deem it unnecessary to say more than this—that the powers, duties and responsibilities of the legislative, executive and judicial department of the Provisional Government were more clearly and orderly set forth than in the organic law, adopted on the 5th of July, 1843. I may add, however, that one of the principal changes made was that which vested the executive power in one person instead of three, and fixing his term of office at two years.

I know it is wearisome to an audience to listen to the dry details of legislalation, and yet I have thought it proper, even though considered irksome, to give the names and transactions of those who organized the Provisional Government in 1843, and those who remodeled that government in 1845. They were the great lawgivers who established civil government in Oregon, when our National Government neglected to provide for the welfare and safety of the people. It is for this they deserve honorable mention, that their names may not be forgotten by the pioneers.

Hereafter I shall not refer specially to the legislative proceedings of the Provisional Government, nor to the names of those who were actors in it.

I will state, however, that after the organic law was amended or remodeled, in 1845, George Abernethy was elected Governor by the people in 1846, and

re-elected in 1848, and remained such until the Provisional Government ceased to exist. He administered the affairs of the Provisional Government during the time he was in office faithfully and well, and died in the city of Portland on the third day of May, 1877, beloved and respected by the entire community in which he lived so long.

The establishment of civil government by the American settlers in Oregon, and the great increase of population from the Western States which followed, virtually settled the question of our right to the country, and won back for the United States the title to the undisputed territory, which their diplomacy with England had well nigh lost. The attention of the whole people of the United States was now directed to the little republic which the American pioneers had established on the shores of the Pacific, and which was prosperous, contented and happy. No one of our public men now thought of surrendering this community to the control of Great Britain. A great political party, at its national convention held in Baltimore, declared our title to Oregon to be clear and unquestioned, and under the battle cry of "fifty-four, forty or fight," achieved a victory, the result of which was of far-reaching importance to the settlers of Oregon.

The brilliant and eventful administration of James K. Polk came into power on the 4th of March, 1845, and soon afterwards the President in a message to Congress, called the attention of that body to the condition of affairs in Oregon, and recommended that notice be given to the British government of the desire of the United States to terminate the treaty of joint occupation. That lethargy and indifference which had hitherto prevailed in Congress in regard to its duty of extending the jurisdiction and laws of the United States over the settlers here, was gone. Protracted discussions in both branches followed the presentation of the President's message, and at length he was authorized by Congress to give the necessary notice to Great Britain to terminate the treaty of 1818 under which the Oregon territory was jointly occupied by both powers. The notice was given, and negotiations were then commenced at Washington by the representatives of the two governments, which eventually resulted in making the treaty of June 15, 1846, whereby the long disputed question of joint occupation was settled at last. The boundary line thus established was the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude. Mr. Benton in a speech delivered in the Senate upon the ratification of this treaty, stated that:

"It is a marvellously proper line. * * * Mr. Jefferson offered this line in 1807; Mr. Monroe made the same offer in 1818, and again in 1824; Mr. Adams offered it in 1826; Mr. Tyler in 1842 and Mr. Polk in 1845."

How comes it that the boundary line which our government had so repeatedly

offered, and which has been as often rejected, was acceded to at last? The true solution is this: The occupation of the country by the American settlers, and the establishment of a permanent civil government by them, was far more powerful and effective than all our diplomacy had been.

The treaty had been concluded amid the excitements of war. Gen. Taylor's army had crossed the Rio Grande a few days before, and very naturally the attention of Congress was wholly given to the subject of raising and equipping armies to be sent to Mexico, and to the prosecution of the war to a successful close. This, doubtless, is the reason why Congress did not extend the laws of the United States over Oregon, until two years after the treaty was made. Nor was there any just cause to complain that the people here were then treated with neglect. Congressmen well knew that we had a government of our own choice, and could wait until the country was at peace. And yet the people here were anxious that Congress should pass an act extending a Territorial Government over them because of threatened troubles with the Indians in Eastern Oregon. In the spring of 1847, Dr. Whitman had been in the Willamette valley and expressed anxiety concerning his own situation and that of his family, at Wailatpu, in their defenseless condition. It was his desire that some prominent and influential citizen should be sent by the authorities of the Provisional Government to Washington, to make known to the President and Congress, the exposed condition of our people, and ask for the necessary legislation to protect them from threatened danger. And it was owing to these representations of Dr. Whitman, that Governor Abernethy suggested the propriety of Hon. J. Quinn Thornton, then Judge of the Supreme Court of the Provisional Government, going to Washington for that purpose. Accordingly, in the fall of that year, Judge Thornton resigned his office, and with a letter from Governor Abernethy to President Polk, started on a long and somewhat eventful voyage around Cape Horn, and landed in Boston on the 2d of May, 1848, and at once proceeded to Washington to enter upon his duties, not as a delegate from Oregon to Congress, but rather in the capacity of an ambassador from the little republic of the Provisional Government, to the National Government at Washington.

Through the kindly influence of the President and leading Senators and Representatives, Judge Thornton was enabled to do as much for the people as if he had been an accredited Delegate on the floor of the House of Representatives. Suffice it to say, that on the 14th day of August, 1848, Congress passed the Act creating the Territorial Government of Oregon, which fully extended the jurisdiction and laws of the United States over the territory. One of the provisions of the Act was, that it recognized the validity of the Provisional Government and the laws passed by it, and declared that they should remain in

force until altered or repealed; and the officers of the government were authorized to exercise and perform the duties of their respective offices until their successors should be elected and qualified.

Judge Thornton also prepared a bill granting donations of lands to settlers in Oregon, which was substantially the same as that which, two years afterwards, was passed and known as the Donation Land Law, excepting that it did not contain the 11th section of the Act of September 27, 1850. This bill, owing to the want of time, failed to become a law.

It is necessary now to revert to events transpiring in Oregon. The Provisional Government which had been tried in times of peace, and not been found wanting, was now to be tried by the severe ordeal of war. The dangers apprehended by Dr. Whitman in the spring, while he was in this valley, were, alas! too well founded. He and his family, and a number of others at Wailaptu, were murdered in cold blood by the Indians, to whom he had always been a benefactor and friend. The massacre took place on the 29th of November, 1847, and the sad intelligence was received in Oregon City while the Legislative Assembly was in session. The Governor and Legislature at once took steps to send an armed force of volunteers to punish the murderers, and in thirteen days after the information was received, the little army was on its way to chastise the Indians. After a march of more than three hundred miles, in mid winter, it met, fought and subdued the hostile tribe, and restored peace to the settlement.

The administration of President Polk was now approaching its close. Great events had crowded each other throughout its course. Mexico was conquered by the brilliant achievements of our armies. A treaty of peace had been made by which California, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado and Utah had been added to our national domain. The title to Oregon had been settled, and a territorial government extended over it. A gallant soldier of that war had been appointed by the President to be its first Territorial Governor, and it was his desire that General Lane should organize the government during his own administration.

The Provisional Government was now near its end. The purposes for which it had been organized, and the time of its duration, are set forth in its preamble in these words:

We, the people of Oregon Territory, for purposes of mutual protection, and to secure peace and prosperity among ourselves, agree to adopt the following laws and regulations until such time as the United States of America extend their jurisdiction over us."

For more than five years it had exercised its powers for the public good. It

had secured peace and prosperity among the people. During its existence it had constructed public roads, bridges and ferries; it had organized counties; it had regulated and defined the extent of land claims; it had established post-offices; it had authorized the coinage of money, and regulated the value thereof; it had levied war and concluded peace; it had made treaties with Indian tribes, and, in fact, had done nearly all acts and things that an independent State may of right do. All these things the Provisional Government of Oregon had done by its own unaided power, and without any expense whatever to the Nationol Government. It fulfilled its own legend—*Alis volat propriis.* And on the 3d day of March, 1849, Governor Abernethy, after an honest and faithful administration, turned over its records and archives to Governor Lane, and the Provisional Government of Oregon ceased to be

Is it any wonder then that the early pioneers look back upon the government which they had organized with feelings of pride and affectionate regard?

I have stated that Judge Thornton, while in Washington, in 1848, had prepared a bill which had been presented to the House of Representatives, granting donations of the public lands to the settlers in Oregon. The bill failed to become a law at that session of Congress, not from any opposition to its merits, but simply for want of time to enact it. Indeed, it seems to have been always conceded by members of Congress, from the time Senator Linn introduced his bills for that purpose down to the time the law was enacted, that the settlers who did so much towards securing our title to the country, should be entitled to donations of the land, which, by their settlements, they had earned.

When the Provisional Government was organized, on the 5th day of July, 1843, it provided that any person taking a land claim, should be allowed to hold a tract "of 640 acres, in a square or oblong form according to the natural situation of the premises." By this law the claim could be taken without the boundaries running north and south, east and west. When the organic law was remodeled, in 1845, it provided that thereafter the boundary lines of all land claims should conform, as near as may be, to the cardinal points. So, when looking upon the maps, we see a square or oblong donation land claim containing 640 acres, with boundaries which do not run according to the cardinal points, but as the claimant chose to establish them, we know that such claim was taken before July 5, 1845. The claims so located mark the homes of the earliest pioneers.

Hon. Samuel R. Thurston was the first delegate to Congress, elected after the Territorial government law was passed, and procured the passage of that just and beneficent act, known as the "Oregon donation land law," which was approved on the 27th day of September, 1850.

It recognized the settlements made under the law of the Provisional Government, and permitted the boundaries of claims to remain just as were originally taken by the claimants.

One of the most equitable provisions of the Donation Law was, that Congress, in making grants of lands to settlers, made no distinction between husband and wife, man and woman, where such settlers were residents of Oregon, or should become such on or before the first of December, 1850. Many words of commendation have been spoken of the men who were pioneers of Oregon, but all too little has been said in praise of the pioneer women, who shared with their husbands, all the toils and hardships, all the privations and dangers, all the sufferings and sorrows, of that dreary two thousand miles' journey from their old homes to their new ones here. And when that journey was over at last, the hard life of the pioneer women had only begun. Living with their husbands and children, in their rude log cabins, far away from the society of kindred and friends, the poor women's daily toil went on for years, with but few of the necessaries and none of the comforts of civilized life. Surely the pioneer women were as much entitled to grants of land as their husbands were.

Mr. Thurston, our first delegate in Congress, the pioneer representative of Oregon, procured the passage of the Donation Land Law, so as to give to the husband and the wife an equal share in the land which they had jointly earned. It was the first law ever enacted by Congress, which placed both sexes on a perfect equality in this respect, and marked a new era in women's rights.

And it was in this same spirit of justice and equality that the pioneers of Oregon formed the Constitution of our State, seven years after the Donation Law was passed, when they declared:

"That the property and pecuniary rights of every married woman at the time of marriage, or afterwards acquired by gift, devise or inheritance, shall not be subject to the debts or contracts of the husband."

And in all subsequent legislation by the people of Oregon, the same perceptions of right and justice towards both sexes have prevailed in regard to their property. They have been maintained in the same spirit of equality as that in which the Donation Law was passed.

And in connection with this, it may not be amiss to refer briefly to an amendment proposed to be made to the Constitution of Oregon. I mean the one to confer upon women the right of suffrage.

Whenever this right or privilege, whichever we may call it, was asserted by them it was treated with ridicule, and sometimes answered only by ribald jests.

But it has got beyond that now. Thoughtful men are seriously considering the effects it may have upon political and social affairs. In the end I believe women will obtain the right to vote at all elections. They are working with earnestness and zeal in the cause which they have at heart. They are pressing forward, not going back. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum* is their motto.

The property of women is taxed to support the government the same as the property of men, and they can claim with justice that they ought to have a voice in choosing those who impose the burden of taxation upon them.

As I said before, I believe they will succeed in the end in obtaining the right to vote at elections, and I hope they may. Surely the votes of intelligent women will not have a tendency to corrupt and degrade the right of suffrage, but to purify and exalt it rather.

I return from this digression to the subject I was considering, to the donation land law of Oregon.

Just and generous as that law was to the people of Oregon, yet there was one blot upon it. I refer to the provision contained in the 11th section of the act by which the donation claim of Dr. John McLoughlin, known as the Oregon City claim, was taken from him and placed at the disposal of the Legislative Assembly to be sold and the proceeds applied to the endowment of a university. It was an act of injustice to one of the best friends and greatest benefactors which the early immigrants ever had. I do not propose to speak of the many estimable and noble qualities of Dr. McLoughlin here. They have been dwelt upon by others who have heretofore addressed the Pioneer Association, and especially by Mr. Rees in 1879. I concur in everything he said in praise of Dr. McLoughlin.

It was my good fortune to know him well during the last six years of his life, years which were embittered by what he considered an act of ingratitude after he had done so many acts of personal kindness to the early immigrants in their time of need. That Dr. McLoughlin was unjustly treated in this matter, few, if any, will deny. And I am very sure that a large majority of the people, in Oregon, at that time, condemned the act which took away his property, and tended to becloud his fame. And yet no act was ever done by the Territorial Government to assert its right to the Oregon City claim during the life of Dr. McLoughlin; and in 1862, five years after his death, the State of Oregon confirmed the title to his devises upon the payment of the merely nominal consideration of $1,000 into the university fund.

And so five years after he was laid in his grave an act of tardy justice was done at last to the memory of the grand old pioneer.

Mr. President, many of us have seen Oregon grow up from a wilderness inhabitated by a feeble band of missionaries and adventurous trappers, without any laws for their protection, to be a prosperous State with all the comforts of civilized life. This prosperous commonwealth whose foundations were laid by the pioneers amid sore trials and dangers, will soon be known no more to us forever. Since the last meeting of this Association many connected with it, have dropped by the wayside never to unite with us again. Year by year our ranks are thinned, and the gray hairs and stooping forms of those who remain tell us all too plainly that our days are far spent, and that we are on the sunset declivity of life. To our children and to our children's children, we will soon leave the heritage secured to them by their fathers; and our hope is that when we go hence the names and the memory of the pioneers may not be wholly forgotten by those who come after them.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

BY HON. F. A. CHENOWETH.

After a recess of one hour, Mrs. Duniway appeared and read the Occasional Address on the emigration of 1849, prepared by Judge F. A. Chenoweth, of Corvallis, Judge Chenoweth being confined to his home by sickness:

The year 1849 was eventful as a period of intense excitement, on account of the rich discoveries of gold in California. It is true the rich deposits of gold in some parts of the State had been discovered in 1848, and the latter part of 1847; but communication at that time was slow, and little was known of California—to what country it belonged; whether its natives were hostile, or of the means of reaching that distant and unknown land—or whether the remarkable and astounding reports of the gold discoveries were true.

At first these reports were listened to like the reports of the discovery of perpetual motion, or angels' visits, or the elixir fountain. But by and by a solitary traveler from the Eldorado returned, bearing specimens of the shining ore, or samples of the gold-bearing quartz. At that time a man who had met, face to face, a live Californian, was a distinguished character; and the man whose eyes were permitted to fasten and feast upon the glittering sand, "was privileged above the common walks of life." Large prices were paid for small pinches of the glittering sand, or a peck of the auriferous rock—to be had and held a veritable messenger from the heavenly land.

All this consumed time, and it was not until late in 1848 that the richness of the gold deposits became fully and satisfactorily confirmed.

A month to six weeks was then the shortest possible time to hear from that country; as then, neither the rattling stage, the pony express, the iron horse, or the tamed, obedient lightning, were known, or believed to be among the possibilities, for communication across this desert land. The richness and extent of the gold deposits being established and confirmed, the excitement became intense throughout the United States and Canada. Then, how to reach the land of hope became the all-absorbing question. Those of the Atlantic who were

possessed of money or credit, had two chances—such as they were. One was by sea and the Isthmus of Darien; the other was "the plains across."

The sea voyage at that time was neither certain or comfortable. All kinds of vessels were gathered up and placed on the line, and herds of men without regard to comfort or safety, drifted down the coast and were thrown upon the isthmus to scramble for transportation to the Pacific shores at fabulous prices and then run the desperate chance of some kind of conveyance to San Francisco.

All kinds of vessels except comfortable steamers were employed to transport the eager adventurers from Panama to San Francisco. Old rotten hulks were employed for the purpose, and while they could promise neither safety, comfort or speed, they made it all right by charging five times the usual price for transportation.

The other mode of travel was the land, with its accompanying annoyances—sage-brush and Indians.

The seething mass of anxious adventurers was a multitude that no man could number. This burning, insatiable desire to reach California assumed the form of an epidemic. It was not bounded by the Atlantic and western border. This yellow fever prevailed wherever humanity existed. But between them and the gold a great gulf was fixed. The frowning winter, the desolate plains; the utter want of transportation across the unknown, untried wilderness, were all that prevented men, women and children from a stampede that would have depopulated and left vacant and tenantless, the happy homes of America. The ties of home and sweet domestic bliss were now engaged in fierce and deadly conflict with the lion powers of Avarice. The old and the young, the rich and the poor all were victims of the prevailing malady.

It was now the dead of winter. No steps towards the golden sunset could be taken until the vernal zephyrs should call to life the tender vegetation. The shivering, ice bound earth must first be clothed and warmed with living coats of green.

What a fearful suspense it was to lie down at night and know that great heaps of gold were lying loose upon the plains of California, liable to be picked up by some stranger more fortunate than yourself. To think that from four to six months must elapse before you could be made happy amid the golden sands was agony untold. There was great struggling among the large numbers of respectable men of youth and health, but destitute of means, who desired to fit themselves out for the voyage. Many turns were made. The old and wealthy, the halt and the blind—those with whom migration was impossible—formed partnership with the young and impecunious. None could forego the prospect of an indefinite amount of gain. They must have a finger in the pie. To be

[illegible] impossible, but to be there by representation was possible. [illegible] accomplished was to have some one on the spot to fill up [illegible] carry back the precious treasure. As to finding—no one [illegible]

[illegible] of most of these compacts was bitter disappointment. [illegible] were ever made. Some died on the way, or perished [illegible] the mines; while others engaged in wild speculations and [illegible] by insensible perspiration. A few clung to their [illegible] contracts, and made money, and did well for themselves and [illegible]

[illegible] great excitement was the great and unprecedented rise of [illegible] Males of suitable size and age were in great demand at [illegible] prices. Strong, light wagons were subject to the same rule. [illegible] and well formed for traveling and giving milk, commanded [illegible] An idea prevailed that a large number of milk cows made the [illegible] team for the plains. They were valuable for the milk they gave [illegible] as well as their excellent traveling qualities.

[illegible] preparations were kept up during the winter, and when at length win- [illegible] the swarming legions appeared at all the chief points of embarkation. [illegible] frontier teemed with life and activity. At that time the west and [illegible] Iowa and Missouri were a portion of the unsettled wilderness. The [illegible] Indian and the buffalo yet held undisputed sway. A rude flat-boat pro- [illegible] was all the means of crossing the Missouri river. An Indian [illegible] and a rude mission were all there were at Omaha. Except the moun- [illegible] there was not a single habitation between Omaha and Oregon. However the Mormons had made a small beginning at Salt Lake, but not on the road to Oregon. Independence and Omaha were the chief starting points. Per- [illegible] coming from all parts of the United States, Canada and Europe, did not consider they had started until they reached one or the other of these places.

In reaching these frontier places, the people traveled by all conceivable modes, whether by land or water. Many, according to the distance they had to make, started early, and with short and easy marches with their teams by day, and lodging at hotels or private residences at night, leisurely consuming winter, contrived to reach one or the other of these frontier places in time to start with the early spring travel, or as soon as with safety they could throw themselves upon the howling wilderness, abandon shelter and take exclusively to camp life.

Here a new life opened upon them. The wife and little ones, as well as the hardy husband, were now to live upon what was in the wagon for five or six months. The concave of heaven was their roof. But few men had tents.

Sleeping in the open air or in the wagon was the ultimatum from now on. In early spring there was more or less cold and wet weather.

These new and untried exposures put to severe test the tender forms of wife and little ones. But the greatest test of endurance was in baking in the unclouded sun during the warm days of summer, with this light shining from 5 A. M. to 7 P. M., without shrub or tree, and can only be fairly estimated by being tried.

Grass was all the animals had to subsist upon. Being worked during the day they must have an opportunity to graze at night. This required a portion of the men to stand guard to prevent the animals from straying or being stampeded by the Indians.

The comfort of fires in wet weather was out of the question. The only fuel for cooking was buffalo chips. The bards of the prairie in immortal verse have explained what buffalo chips are; and these explanations are as familiar as household words. Buffalo chips in dry weather would make sufficient heat to boil coffee and fry bacon. Wet weather brought the absence of coffee and utter want of fire, and reduced the pilgrim to a nibble at hard cracker and perhaps a drink of milk. On this meager fare the shivering crowd must quietly wait for sunny weather.

Companies of twenty to thirty wagons often organized for mutual protection and assistance, and elected a captain with subordinate officers. These organizations were often gotten up in the most elaborate manner, with laws and the most solemn compacts, attended with usual penalties. All this looked well on paper but the sad want of adhesive qualities soon became apparent. Movements were too slow for some and too fast for others. Men on the plains remembered the divine right of revolution. They also seemed to understand that successful revolution was not treason. In most instances revolts were successful, and the greater number of these organizations experienced rapid disintegration. Life upon the plains evolved some remarkable traits of character; so much so that but for the situation, those traits would have been all the same as if they had never been. Men noted for meek and quiet temper, suddenly discovered great explosive material in their composition. Ladies of pure and unmixed gentleness, became more or less noisy. Men of piety sometimes indulged in the luxury of profanity.

Perhaps no process in nature or condition of society, could do more to strip off every mask or cover of society, and make perfectly plain and transparent the real character of both men and women. It was a perfect leveler of all grades and distinctions. Ladies and gentlemen met on a common dust and alkali plain, and often recognized each other without the form of introduction or any regard for previous condition of servitude. Men of well established piety, who

always commenced the day with the song of praise to God and family prayer, had all this changed to a service in harmony with the wolf, the Indian and other wild surroundings. It would be hardly proper here to enquire whether this new surrounding made men worse, or whether it simply brought to view the real inwardness of the man.

One great lesson that ought not to be lost was effectually taught upon the plains. It taught how very few and simple are the real wants of life. Most persons started with many articles not at all necessary to support life; and the deep study soon became, not what we *have* or what we can *get*, but what can we do without? The severe toil of loaded teams, and labor of taking care of a large amount of property not absolutely necessary, began to have relief by throwing away this or that article so carefully stored for an emergency. These abandoned articles became more common as you got far out on the plains. Boxes of clothing, bacon, tool-chests, many things of great value, and often extra wagons were left by the wayside, and with the actual necessities of life and the two teams hitched on to one wagon– when they had two—the resolute emigrant could make better time with less labor and exhaustion to both man and beast. The most important question on the plains was the question of endurance.

This applied with great force to man and beast. There were many examples of heroic endurance among the women of 1849.

Women often walked and drove stock and teams dnring the day, after cooking breakfast and caring for children at all hours of the night and day; arising at 4 o'clock in the morning and retiring—if at all—when all the work was done and all others were gone to rest. From these ever-faithful mothers very few complaints were heard.

This mode of life lasted from early spring until late in the autumn, and often ended in the deep snows of winter.

But the incidents of hardship which I have noticed were the merest trifles compared to the terrible calamity that marked with sadness and trailed in deep desolation over that ill-fated emigration.

Very soon after the assembled throng took up its march over the plains the terrible wave of cholera struck them in a way to carry the utmost terror and dismay into all parts of the moving mass.

The number of the fatally-stricken after the smoke and dust were cleared away was not numerically so frightful as appeared to those who were in the midst of it. But the name of *cholera* in a multitude—unorganized and unnumbered—is like a leak in the bottom of a ship whose decks are thronged with passengers. The disturbed waters of the ocean, the angry elements of Nature, when aroused to fury, are but faint illustrations of the terror-stricken

mass of hnmanity, when in their midst are falling with great rapidity their comrades—the strong, the young and the old—the strength and vigor of youth melting away before an unseen foe. All this filled our ranks with the utmost terror and gloom. This terrible malady seemed to spend its most deadly force on the flat prairie east of and about Fort Laramie.

One of the appalling effects of this disease was to cause the most devoted friends to desert, in case of attack, the fallen one. Many a stout and powerful man fought the last battle alone upon the prairie. When the rough hand of the cholera was laid upon families they rarely had either the assistance or the sympathy of their neighbors or traveling companions.

There was one feature mixed with all this terror that afforded some degree of relief, and that was that there was no case of lingering suffering. When attacked, a single day ordinarily ended the strife in death or recovery.

A vast amount of wagons, with beds and blankets, were left by the roadside, whom no man, not even an Indian, would approach or touch through fear of the unknown, unseen destroyer.

While there were sad instances or comrades deserting comrades in this hour of extreme trial, I cannot pass this point of my story without stating that there were many instances of heroic devotion to the sick, when such attention was regarded as almost equivalent to the offering up of the well and healthy for the mere hope of saving the sick and dying.

The State of Oregon is indebted to the scourge of cholera for a diversion of a considerable portion of the emigrants of 1849 from the California road to that of the trail to Oregon. It was only in the dense crowd that this disease appeared to find food for subsistence.

Altogether the number that came to Oregon overland was not large.

That year the rifle regiment under Col. Loring came to Oregon across the plains.

Hon. M. P. Deady came with the troops that year. He was then a young man unknown to politics or official position. As to how he has grown with Oregon's growth, and strengthened with her strength, you are all perfectly familiar.

There was quite an immigration that fall and winter from California. Miners flush with gold and famishing for fresh vegetable food, made our little villages active.

Oregon City was then the chief town of importance, though there was talk of a town on the west bank of the Willamette among the brush where Portland now stands.

Many old residents of the Willamette Valley returned that year from Cal-

ifornia, most of whom with gold as the reward of their enterprise, and the price of leaving their homes in this valley for the allurements of the mines.

At that time the troops occupied Oregon City and made it look more like a military camp than a city of civilians. A portion of troops also occupied Fort Vancouver.

General Joseph Lane, the Marion of the Mexican war, was then Governor of the territory of Oregon.

At that time money was plenty. Goods of most kind were brought in by ships from the East, and indeed from all ports of the world. The few farmers that had got their places under way could fix their own prices. Hogs, beef cattle and poultry were worth what people asked for them.

It was here, commencing with 1849 and ending with 1856, that *flush times* and high prices begot such *extravagance* and *sloth* in many of the people then residents in Oregon, and those that came about that time, that led to their future ruin and bankruptcy.

For fear of tiresome prolixity, I have passed over many incidents of deep and thrilling interest, a tithe of which cannot be told in a lecture. Suffice it to say that from various causes I arrived in Oregon late, in company with some thirty employes of the government, connected with the Quartermaster's Department. We arrived at the Grand Ronde late in November, with some fifteen wagons, and good, strong and powerful oxen and horses. While in the valley the snow fell to the depth of three feet, and on the Blue mountains it was five feet deep. The road over the mountains, which at that time was difficult in good weather, was now utterly impassable with wagous. Our only alternative was to leave wagons, teams and other property, and make our way across on foot, which we did; abandoning our boots and using moccasins, which were much better for walking in the snow. Those wagons, oxen and horses "went to that home whence no ox or horse ever returns."

After three days hard toiling through snow, we reached the camp of the chief band of Cayuse Indians. They received us kindly; warmed us by their fires; fed us with dried meats and berries; lodged us in their wigwams and hired us their fleet horses to ride to The Dalles.

We hurried forward expecting to descend the Columbia river in canoes. But the river became closed by ice before we arrived, and we were detained about twenty days at the Dalles until a Chinook wind cleared the river about the 20th of December.

There was nothing at The Dalles but the deserted mission building that had stood tenantless from the time of the murder of Dr. Whitman and party, where we took shelter.

A mile below was the Catholic mission occupied by Bishop Blanchet and Father Rosseau.

On learning that we were there, these Fathers brought their fat oxen and made us welcome to plenty of good beef as long as we stayed. We all had more or less money, and could have paid for these animals, but the good Bishop refused to accept a cent, saying that the animals were not for sale, and that money would not buy them; that they were there to serve God by doing good to his needy children. Of course we felt more gratitude than words can express. I afterwards formed quite an extended acquaintance with the Bishop, and found that such acts were the spontaneous outgrowth of his large heart and manly soul.

ADDRESS.

BY MRS. A. S. DUNIWAY.

At the conclusion of Judge Chenoweth's address, Mrs. Duniway said that as permission had been kindly granted by the President, she would now attempt to represent the pioneer women of Oregon, a duty accepted the more cheerfully because she had already demonstrated the fact in reading Judge Chenoweth's address that a woman could sometimes represent a man. She proceeded as follows:

Mr. President: I have here a copy of the "Transactions of the Ninth Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association," published last year, in which I find the following testimonial from the pen of Hon. Jesse Applegate to the memory of his faithful wife, who came with him to Oregon among the first of the pioneer women who crossed the plains in wagons, and who died in April, 1881. Mr. Applegate says: "She was a safe counsellor, for her untaught instincts were truer and safer rules of conduct than my better informed judgment. Had I oftener followed her advice, her pilgramage on earth might have been longer and happier; at least, her strong desire to make all happy around her, would not have been cramped by extreme penury."

Mr. President, we see before us the serried ranks of women who survive Cynthia Applegate, who, like her, have bravely fought the pioneer battle of life; who, unlike her and many others, as noble and self sacrificing as she and they, yet live to bear their part of life's burdens—some of whom survive their lamented husbands and are left to

"Walk the road of life alone."

I was glad, when in concluding his able and elaborate address, the distinguished ex-Senator who preceded me made favorable mention of the progress already made in Oregon, in relation to the recognition of the equal rights of women, and I deem it most appropriate to supplement his timely words of encouragement with a woman's feeble words of exhortation.

Think, gentlemen, of the many pioneer women of Oregon, who like Mrs. Ap-

plegate, have gone down to their graves in deep penury, "whose untaught instincts were truer and safer rules of conduct than the better informed judgments of men." It was a tardy recognition of a noble woman's worth that brought forth the deep wail of regret that I have quoted. But no tongue or pen can depict the hopeless anguish that wrung the heart of the bereaved husband who frankly confessed, in his hour of desolation, that "her life might have been longer and happier" if she had always been equally free and independent with himself. There was, there is, no kindler, manlier man than Jesse Applegate; and if, with his great scul and manly goodness of heart, he has been so unjust to the best and dearest friend God ever gives to man, what shall we say of the lives of many—alas, how many—other women, with husbands less noble than he, whose toil has brought them no recompense, very little appreciation and far less of liberty?

The distinguished gentleman who preceded me, alluded briefly to the memory of Samuel R. Thurston, Oregon Territory's first Representative in Congress, who succeeded in securing the passage of the Donation Land Act in the year 1850, thereby placing this commonwealth on record as the very first in all our proud confederacy to recognize the inalienable right of woman to ownership in fee simple of other lands than those that might or might not have been bequeathed to her before marriage by gift, devise or inheritance.

The Oregon pioneers were a noble race of freemen. The spirit of enterprise that impelled them to seek these shores was a bold and free spirit; and the patient heroism of the women who accompanied them was an example as inspiring as salutary. There are lessons of liberty in the rock-ribbed mountains that pierce our blue horizon with their snow-crowned heads and laugh to scorn the warring elements of the earth and air; lessons of freedom in the broad prairies that roll away into illimitable distances; in the gigantic forests that rear their hydra heads to the very zenith and touch the horizon with extended arms; lessons of truth, equality and justice in the very air we breathe, and lessons of irresistible progress in the mighty waters that surge with irresistible power through the overshadowing bluffs where rolls the Oregon.

It is not strange that noble men living in such a country should have early learned to preach and practice the grand gospel of equal rights. And when the full history of the Oregon pioneers shall take its proper place among proud annals of the nation, the fact that equal property rights for women were among the very first of its recorded statutes while it was yet a Territory, will be recognized in its true significance.

Men of Oregon, the fact that you have taken the lead in the past in recognizing woman's equal claim with yourselves to a share in the landed domain of the

commonwealth, coupled with the significant truth that you have already granted your wives and mothers partial political recognition through legislative assemblies, emboldens us to hope, and encourages us to believe that you will go yet further; that you will not stop short of the final recognition of our free and equal right with yourselves to a full voice in the government which we are taxed to maintain and to whose laws we are held amenable. We know the incoming Legislature will proudly ratify our proposed amendment to the State Constitution. Thoughtful, intelligent men everywhere admit that our cause is just; and no man with brains enough to vote at all will deny that women will be enfranchised. But we do not forget that, after the Legislature has for the second time spoken—after the picked men of all parties have carried our work as far as they can constitutionally go, it will then be submitted, not to the *people*—would to God it might be—but to one-half of the people, to the voters of Oregon, by whose hat the wives and the mothers of the men of Oregon must stand or fall. We are not afraid of the votes of wise men, moral men, intelligent, liberty-loving, progressive men; but we know, alas! that every ignorant, vicious, drunken, law-breaking or tyrannical man has a vote which counts at the polls as surely as the vote of a thinker, statesman and philanthropist. Women cannot reach the prejudiced, ignorant and vicious voting elements to educate and enlighten them. Such men consider themselves *superior* to these Oregon pioneers—these wives and mothers of orderly and law-abiding citizens—and we must look to the leading men of the State, like those around me, for protection from the proscriptive ballots of the lawless, ignorant and wicked hordes who presume to dictate our destiny.

Gentlemen, did you ever know a wife-beater who was a woman suffragist? Did you ever see a man who is inferior to his wife in intellect who believed that wife ought to vote? Every besotted and degraded man, every ignoramus who will sell his vote for a drink of whisky or a two-and-a-half piece; every tramp and every fugitive from justice will vote against woman suffrage every time.

But the women of Oregon have faith in the enlightened manhood of this proud young State. We believe you all echo the sentiments expressed by my friend, Senator Kelly, and that you will make the movement for woman's full and free enfranchisement so popular that it will be able to stem the current of opposition, and thus place Oregon in the lead in the great galaxy of States that will gladly follow her grand example.

A word now to the ladies present. I am told that a few of you may yet be found who say you have "all the rights you want." I know what you say that for. You don't believe it; but you foolishly fancy that men will applaud you for it. I don't blame you for liking men, and honorably coveting their good

opinion. I like men myself—much better than I like women. But, let me tell you that while it may tickle their vanity—and they are just a trifle vain—to hear you make such silly speeches, they will say of you, when your backs are turned, "What a pity Miss or Mrs. So-and-so is not as intelligent as Mrs. Such-and such, who wants to vote!" Let me tell you further, ladies, that every one of you who strives to hinder your own enfranchisement by such ridiculous insincerity of speech, will attempt to be among the very first at the ballot-box as soon as the gates that lead to the temple of liberty are opened wide for you by the grand good men who pity, even if they praise, your lack of patriotism. I have seen this experiment tried. I saw how it worked at our last school election in Portland, when many scores of ladies voted eagerly and gladly, not one in ten of whom had ever thanked—and most of them had censured—your humble speaker for knocking that the gates might be opened unto them. Ladies, if there be those among you who have made that silly declaration sometimes, you won't make it again, will you?

In conclusion, men of Oregon, who have so patiently heeded my earnest utterance, let me exhort you to be vigilant in our cause. We trust you, we confide in you, we depend upon you to grant us the great boon of political representation under the laws of a country at whose tribunals we are tried, to whose governmental expenses we pay tribute. Surely you are not afraid to trust the mothers, wives and daughters of the pioneers with the same boon of liberty that you so highly prize for yourselves? Would a wife like Cynthia Applegate abuse the ballot? Have we not always been your best friends? Grant us equal rights with you before the law, good men and brethren, and we will do you good and and not evil, all the days of our lives.

Thanking you, Mr. President, for the honor conferred upon the pioneer women of Oregon, in thus permitting our plea to be heard, I bow and subside, possessed of an abiding faith in the near approach of the good time coming, when the women of Oregon will become, as they of right ought now to be, free and independent.

In the evening, the camp fire was lighted, around which gathered those who crossed the plains in an early day and founded our present flourishing State. Many incidents of the days gone by were told, and much enjoyed by the old, gray-haired founders of Oregon.

The exercises were pleasantly concluded with a grand ball at the pavilion, which was largely attended. The music, by Varney and Bray's string band, was excellent.

HISTORICAL LETTER.

BY HON. J. QUINN THORNTON, LL. D., D. C. L.

BEING A COPY OF A LETTER IN REPLY TO ONE FROM REV. GEO. H. ATKINSON, D. D.

SALEM, March 31, 1882.

Rev. Geo. H. Atkinson, D. D.:

DEAR SIR: In compliance with your request as made in your letter just received, I write to you, giving the facts which enter into the history of my connection with the Act of Congress of August 14, 1848, for organizing a Territorial Government in Oregon, and especially those facts which relate to to the provision contained in the 20th Section of that law, by which Congress appropriates the sixteenth and thirty-sixth section of each township of the public lands for the support of "schools in said Territory, and in the States and Territories hereafter to be created out of the same."

The information for which you ask I will impart as far as I am able to do so; and yet my efforts in this direction will be embarrassed by several circumstances. Among these as especially potential, is the fact that being sent to Washington by the Provisional Government of Oregon, I did not stand in such official relations to Congress as gave me a place in the House of Representatives with the right to either propose measures or to even speak upon the subject of such as might be introduced by others. I was therefore constrained to act through others on all subjects upon which I desired Congressional action. Hence, my name never appears except as a memorialist, May 20th, 1848, (Congressional Globe, p. 1030.) This was offered by Mr. Benton, and ordered to lie on the table and be printed. This memorial is herewith sent and may be considered a part of this letter, since it contains official evidence on the main questions to which you desire answers.

Another memorial of mine, much later in the session, was offered by Mr. Douglas, and was referred to the Committeee on Military Affairs. But this not being important to the object you have in your mind, will receive no further attention.

Another circumstance which embarrasses me in an attempt to furnish you

the information you seek, is the burning of my office in Oregon City, November 19, 1851, which destroyed, as I then thought, all my memoranda made while in Washington City. In consequence of this fire, I have been compelled, until a recent period, to rely upon my memory only as to very many facts possessing an historical value, when I either wrote or spoke upon any subject pertaining to my mission to Washington. This betrayed me into the error of saying that I prepared the bill which afterward became a law for organizing a Territorial Government in Oregon. But on the occasion of removing my library, papers and office furniture into another place, my attention was drawn to an old box of papers that had evidently come together in haste, and had settled down among things which had never been neighbors before. With these I found the copy of a letter written at Washington in which I said among other things that I had prepared a memorial to Congress, which had been presented by Mr. Benton, May 25th, and that it had been ordered to lie upon the table and be printed. That I had also prepared a bill for organizing a Territorial Government, and another for granting lands to actual settlers. But that on further reflection it was deemed best to seek to so amend the bills already pending as to incorporate into them whatever there was in my bills that had not been provided for in the bills which, being then on the calendar, would be reached sooner than any which might be introduced later in the session.

Soon after my memory was refreshed in the manner I have indicated, I addressed a letter to H. H. Gilfrey, Esq., at Washington, desiring him to send to me such official documents as would enable me to correct any errors into which the loss of my papers had led me when speaking of events that had happened more than thirty-three years ago. But he was not able to obtain any thing except the accompanying memorial. By means of this and of the 18th volume of the Congressional Globe, which after months of inquiry I found in the Odd Fellows' library in this place, I believe that I can accurately state the prominent facts which enter into the history of my connection with the law in question, and especially that part of it which gives the thirty-sixth section in addition to the sixteenth, of each township of the public land for the support of common schools.

But I must premise here that the Congressional Globe, to which I shall have occasion to refer, is the 18th volume; and that when a day of the month shall be named by me the year will be 1848.

At page 789 of the Globe is the following under date of May 25th, in the Senate:

"Mr. Benton presented a petition from J. Quinn Thornton praying for the

establishment of a Provisional Government in the Territory of Oregon."

"Mr. Benton said that this petition contained matter of much interest, and he would therefore move that it be presented, which motion was agreed to."

By turning to page 11 of this memorial (found in volume of Senate Documents, 1st session 30th Congress,) is the following, under head of

"GROUNDS FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES":

"Your memorialist humbly prays that your honorable body would make suitable provision for educational purposes by setting apart for that object the sixteenth and thirty-sixth sections of each township."

Immediately after my arrival in Washington, I very fully communicated to prominent members of Congress my opinions on the various subjects upon which it was my intention to seek Congressional legislation. Among the gentlemen whose influence I thus sought to win over to the side of my general policy, and to whom I communicated my desire that the previously mentioned sections of land be reserved for the purpose of being applied to schools, was Mr. Rockwell, of Connecticut. He expressed a doubt whether Congress would do more than grant the sixteenth section, as already provided for in the bill then pending in the House; and he further expressed the opinion that this would be granted because such had been the policy when providing for the organization of territorial governments. I reminded him that a bill was then pending in the House of Representatives for admitting Wisconsin into the Union, and at length prevailed upon him to propose such an amendment to the bill as would serve to bring clearly into view the sense of the House upon the principle of the provision I desired to have incorporated into the Oregon bill. To this end, I suggested that he seek to have the Wisconsin bill so amended as to set apart the thirty-sixth section of the public lands for the support of public schools. I did this because I believed that the Wisconsin bill so amended would be a precedent that would probably exercise a controlling influence in getting the Oregon bill amended as I desired.

In pursuance of my suggestion, Mr. Rockwell moved, May 10th, to amend the Wisconsin bill by adding to one of the sections the following:

"In addition to the land hereby appropriated, sections numbered thirty-six in each township of the public lands of the United States in said State be and the same is hereby appropriated in support of common schools." [Globe, p. 753.]

By the Enabling Act of August 6, 1846, the sixteenth section of each township of the public lands had been so appropriated. Mr. Vinton

opposed it because it was, as he affirmed unequal, and would not be satisfactory to the States that had received only the sixteenth section for educational purposes, as had already been granted to Wisconsin by the said "Enabling Act."

"Why," Mr. Vinton asked, "make this provision for Wisconsin and deny the same to Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and other States?"

"Mr. Thompson, of Mississippi, then objected to the proposed amendment as irrelevant and therefore out of order."

"The chair sustained the objection."

Mr. Rockwell appealed from the decision of the Chair, but it was sustained by the House. [Globe, p. 753.]

I desire to call your attention to the very important and significant fact that at the time (May 10th, 1848), at which Mr. Rockwell proposed to amend the Wisconsin bill in the manner I have indicated [Globe, p. 749] he said that the new States had gotten no more than *one* section in each township for educational purposes.

"He thought all our new States ought to have larger grants toward this object than they enjoyed under our present land system." "In the Oregon Bill" [then pending in the House] "*one* section out of each township had been set apart to this use." [Globe, 749.]

The italicising of this word "one" is my own, and is so emphasized because this word conclusively proves that on the 10th May, 1848, the Oregon bill, as reported to the House by Hon. Caleb Smith, Chairman of the Committee on Territories, provided for giving no more than the sixteenth section as had been continuously done from the time at which the late Nathan Dane, LL. D., had succeeded in getting Congress to establish the policy of setting apart the sixteenth section of each township for the support of schools.

As we passed out of the Hall of Representatives, Mr. Rockwell said to me that the spirit of hostility which had been manifested (and which the report of the Globe only imperfectly shows) had not surprised him; and he repeated his expression of the opinion that I would fail to get the Oregon bill so amended as to set apart two sections in each township of the public lands for schools, instead of *one* as already provided for in the Oregon bill. But I replied that I was not discouraged by the result of the late effort to amend the Wisconsin bill, and that I hoped to win over Mr. Vinton before the Oregon bill would come to a vote.

On the first of August, the House, on the motion of Mr. Smith, of Indiana, resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, and resumed consideration of the bill to establish the Territorial Government of Oregon. [Globe, 1017.]

In the second column of page 1,020 it appears that;

"Several verbal amendments were moved and agreed to."

In the third column of the same page it appears that:

"Verbal amendments were also made to the 16th and 11th and 12th sections at the suggestion of various gentlemen."

Again: "Certain verbal amendments to the section were proposed by Mr. Mullin, some of which were agreed to and others rejected."

Such verbal amendments were not infrequently made and reported in this general way; and on this occasion, as on like occasions on other bills, it is probable that the Oregon bill was amended as I desired, for I nowhere find in the history of the debates on this bill any more definite information as to who proposed the amendment for me. My impression is that it was Mr. Rockwell. But this impression as to what happened thirty-four years ago may be no more than an inference from the relations existing between us. That even much dropped out of my memory through the many intervening years that have swept away a whole generation of mankind, is probable and ought not to surprise any one. But if you will turn to my book entitled, "Oregon and California in 1848," vol. 2, p. 48, published by Harper and Brothers very soon after the Act of August 14, 1848, became a law, containing the said provision for the support of common schools, you will find the following language:

"The subjects which have been treated of at length in the preceding chapter were thought materially to affect the interests and welfare of the people of Oregon. They are briefly the following:" Then these subjects are named under several heads, the 9th being :

"Grants of land for educational purposes."

What particular lands "for educational purposes" will be seen at page 25 of the same book, where I say :

"So likewise it was deemed important to obtain, if possible, a grant of the sixteenth and thirty-sixth sections of each township for educational purposes."

On page 11 of my Memorial of May 25th, and published in Senate Miscellaneous Documents, 1st session, 30th Congress, I say:

"Your memorialist respectfully prays that your honorable body would make suitable provision for educational purposes by setting apart for that object the sixteenth and thirty-sixth sections of each township."

This quotation is repeated here because I deem it advisable that it shall appear in this connection also as illustrating and making the main point more clear.

The bill to which my remarks have up to this point been confined is that which was reported by Mr. Smith of Indiana, as Chairman of the Committee on Territories, February 9, 1848, [Congressional Globe, 322] and known I believe as House Bill, No. 201. But on the 10th of the preceding month, Mr. Douglas had asked leave of the Senate to bring in a bill establishing a Territorial Government in Oregon, which was read a first and second time and referred to the Committee on Territories. [Globe, p. 136.] To this bill I now desire to call your attention for the purpose of grouping the facts constituting the outlines of the history of another bill which succeeded the Douglas Senate bill as a Compromise bill, which by means of my personal labors with the Special Committee having charge of it, was so framed that it contained a provision which goes very far to prove that to me are the friends of common schools indebted for the thirty-sixth section of each township of the public lands being added to the sixteenth for the support of common schools.

On the 13th July, the bill introduced by Mr. Douglas was referred, together with so much of the President's Message as related to New Mexico and California, to a select committee consisting of Clayton, Bright, Calhoun, Clarke, Phelps, Dickinson and Underwood. I soon had a protracted interview with Mr. Clayton, the Chairman, in which I most earnestly presented my reasons for urging Congress to grant the two named sections of each township of the public lands for educational purposes. Believing that I had favorably impressed Mr. Calhoun also, I subsequently conversed with the other members of the committee. A majority finally agreed that in reporting a bill for organizing a Territorial Government in each of the Territories of Oregon, New Mexico and California they would make provision for setting apart the two named sections for the support of common schools in Oregon without making a like grant for the other two territories. And I did not deem it expedient to press the subject upon the committee beyond what seemed to relate to Oregon, the interests of which I feared might receive harm by my volunteering to champion those of New Mexico and California. And I the more cheerfully acquiesced in what seemed to be a necessity, by reflecting that if I succeeded in getting the sixteenth and thirty-sixth sections of each township of the public lands set apart for educational purposes in Oregon, other territories and new States would, in virtue of this as a legislative precedent, finally obtain like grants.

On the 26th July, the bill passed the Senate [Globe, p. 1002] with a provision for giving the sixteenth and thirtieth sections of each township of the public lands in Oregon for the support of common schools within its bound-

aries, without a like provision for either of the other territories. because probably, there was no one to represent their interests and to personally press their claims.

Why the committee took the thirtieth section instead of the thirty-sixth for which I had asked in my memorial, I never sought to know, because it made no practical difference in the value of the grant.

The bill thus reported was passed by the Senate, and went down to the House July 28th, and, on motion of Mr. Stevens, of Georgia, was laid on the table. [Globe, 1007.]

A brief *resume* will, I believe, prove the following facts:

1st. In my work entitled "Oregon and California in 1848, vol. 2, page 45, published by Harper & Brothers in 1848, soon after the adjournment of the Congress that passed the law, I say in explanation of the objects I had in accepting the mission to Washington—

"So likewise it was deemed important to obtain, if possible, a grant of the sixteenth and thirty-sixth section of each township for educational purposes."

My work has passed through several large editions; it has been before the public for thirty-three years, and it is in very many of the public libraries in the United States; and yet the claim that I caused the grant in question to be incorporated in the Act of August 14th, 1848, Section 20, has never been challenged, although many thousand copies of the book were sold within a few months after the adjournment of the Congress that passed the law.

2d. In the third chapter, p. 49, I say that among the reasons for my going to Washington, was that of obtaining

"Grants of land for educational purposes."

3d. The debates on the bill for the admission of Wisconsin [Globe, 749-752, May 10th] show the following facts:

A. That up to that time it had been the policy of Congress to grant the sixteenth section to the territories and new States—*but no more than the sixteenth.*

B. That on the 16th May, 1848, Congress would not grant more than the sixteenth section because of an alleged inequality. [See the debate on the bill for the admission of Wisconsin.]

C. That on the said 16th May, the Oregon bill contained *only* the usual provision for setting apart the *sixteenth* section of each township of the public lands for schools.

4th. My memorial to Congress, printed by order of the Senate May 25th, fifteen days after the debate on the Wisconsin Bill, shows on page 11 that I

prayed Congress to set apart two sections, which the same book shows was among the objects I had in view when I accepted the mission to Washington. In my memorial I say:

"Your memorialist respectfully prays that your honorable body would make suitable provision for educational purposes by setting apart the sixteenth and thirty-sixth sections of each township."

5. The compromise on Senate bill which displaced and succeeded the Douglas Senate bill contained a section (18) granting two sections in each township for school purposes in Oregon, but none to either New Mexico or California.

6. The Congressional debates show that in every session of Congress, as these debates are reported, that the making of verbal amendments is a thing frequently done; and the Congressional Globe, p. 1020, shows that this was done in the House, August 1st, during the debates on the Oregon bill, to which

"Several amendment were made and agreed to."

And, again, on the same page :

"Verbal amendments were also made to the 10th, 11th and 12th sections at the suggestion of various gentlemen."

I believe that the foregoing and indisputable facts, make it well-nigh certain that it was during this debate that some one verbally moved to amend section 20 of the bill by adding the words "and thirty-six" after the word "sixteen" in the third line of the section.

On the 14th August, the House bill became a law, with *two* sections of land granted for educational purposes instead of "*one*" as ever before; and this was done two months and a half after the Senate had ordered the printing of my memorial containing the *first* prayer for such a grant.

I hardly need to say that I regarded the securing of this grant by the passing of the bill as the supreme moment of my life, and that my heart was full to overflowing with gratitude to God, whose guiding providence had enabled me to reach a position from which I could look back and see that, whatever the future of my personal history might be, the past, at least, was safe in the magnitude of the good secured to unborn millions.

In reply to your question as to how far this grant contained in the 20th section of the Act of August 14, 1848, has influenced subsequent Congressional legislation, I will reply by a simple reference to dates, etc., of the laws which followed the one last named as their precedent.

2. Minnesota, March 3d, 1849, sec. 8.

3. New Mexico, September 9, 1850, Ch. 47, Sec. 15, Vol. 9, of the U. S. Statutes at large, p. 452.

4. Utah, September 9, 1850, Ch. 51, Sec. 15, Vol. 9, p. 457.

5. Washington Territory, March 2, 1853, Ch. 90, Sec. 20, Vol. 10, p. 179.

6. Kansas, May 30, 1854, Sec. 16.

7. California was admitted into the Union, September 9, 1850, at which time no one appears to have given any thought to a land grant for the support of schools. But an Act was passed September 28, 1856, declaring that "All laws which are not locally inapplicable shall have the same force and effect within the said State of California, as elsewhere within the United States." It is probable that this has been construed as embracing the grant in question.

8. Colorado, February 28, 1861, Sec. 14, and the Act of March 3, 1875, Sec. 7.

9. Nevada, March 2, 1861, Sec. 14, Ch. 26, Vol. 13, p. 91.

10. Idaho, March 3, 1863, Ch. 10, Sec. 14, Vol. 12, p. 814.

11. Montana, March 26, 1864, Ch. 26, Sec. 14, Vol. 13, p. 91.

12. Nebraska, April 19, 1864, Sec. 7.

13. Wyoming, July 25, 1868, Ch. 235, Sec. 14, Vol. 15, p. 183.

On the subject of the effect of this grant as a legislative precedent, you was pleased to say, in your address before the Pioneer Association at Portland, June 15, 1880:

"It opened the way for a grant of 28,823,040 acres of land as a permanent fund for education, instead of half that amount, in the nine States including Oregon admitted to the Union since 1848. It opened the way for a grant of 30,879,360 acres for public education in the eight territories not including Alaska yet to be admitted instead of half as many acres. This magnificent donation of about 60,000,000 acres vested and forever inalienable, as a fund for the education of youth, and committed as a sacred trust to eighteen or twenty new States now existing or yet to be, was a guarantee of knowledge to all future generations."

I will not withhold the expression of the pleasure I feel in thus knowing that there are at least a chosen few who comprehend and appreciate the value of the land which the law of August 14, 1848, sets apart for the support of common schools. And I cannot doubt that you will feel interested in learning that in recognition of my well meant efforts in this matter, I was made a corresponding member of the American Institute; that the degree of A. M. was conferred upon me by one university; that of D. C. L. by another; and that of LL. D. by two others.

The Congressional Globe shows, page 1024, that on the 1st August the following proceedings were had in the House:

"In the 20th Section, Mr. Hunt said he had been directed by the Committee on Commerce to move amendments read as follows," &c.

It is not necessary for me to encumber these pages with the exact verbiage of the several amendments. It is enough to say that all of them, with very slight changes, became a part of the law for organizing a Territorial government; that they now stand as sections 23, 24, 25, 26 and 27 of the Act, and that they were drafted by me, and at my request made to Mr. Hunt, as Chairman of the Committee on Commerce, by him first submitted to his committee, and afterward (August 1st) offered in Committee of the Whole House.

My memorial presented by Mr. Benton in the Senate over two months before, most earnestly called the attention of Congress to every subject provided for by the amendments. [See Memorial, pp. 12–17.]

On page 12, I say: "Your memorialist would further represent that the failure to extend the revenue laws of the United States over Oregon, to establish a port of entry at the mouth of the Columbia river and to appoint a Collector, have operated injuriously."

On page 13, I say:

"Your memorialist prays your honorable body to adopt some measures for facilitating the arrival and departure of vessels trading into the Columbia river."

On page 13, I also ask for an appropriation for pilots.

On page 17, I say:

"Whatever may be the extent of the obstruction to the entrance of the mouth of the Columbia, it is certain that pilots, lights, buoys and a steam tugboat would make it, for vessels that can pass the bar, *one of the finest harbors in the world.*"

On page 18, I say, that

"Lighthouses, beacons, buoys and breakwaters or sheltered anchorages have uniformly received the attention of your honorable body as affecting the commerce and general welfare of the country and the revenue of the Government."

I had called the attention of Mr. Smith, of Indiana, to the propriety and even necessity for making provision in the bill for appropriating a reasonable sum for my services and to meet expenses incurred by me. By referring to my memorial, p. 7, you will see that I say, when speaking of myself in the third person:

"And he was therefore urged to proceed immediately to the seat of the National Government and to rely upon your magnanimity and sense of justice for a compensation in some manner for his time and the money he might expend in the discharge of the duties imposed upon him by entering upon the mission."

I had left Oregon early in the autumn of 1847, and arriving in Washington, prepared my memorial before the arrival of Joseph L. Meek, who had been sent overland as a bearer of dispatches respecting the Whitman massacre, which was perpetrated some time after my departure from Oregon. Before Meek reached Washington, I had called the attention of Mr. Smith, of Indiana, to the subject of making an appropriation suggested in the foregoing extract from my memorial. When Meek arrived, it was at once obvious that he should be provided for in any appropriation which might be made for me. In accordance with this view of the subject, Mr. Smith, on the 1st August, when the House was in Committee of the Whole, moved a new section by which $10,000 was appropriated "in payment for the services and expenses of such persons as have been engaged by the Provisional Government of Oregon in conveying communications to and from the United States." This stands as Section 13 of the law of August 14, 1848.

At every session of Congress since the treaty of June 15, 1846, it had before it one or more bills having for their object the establishment of a territorial government in Oregon. But there being no one at Washington especially charged with the duty of representing the interests of Oregon, the proslavery element, which had always domineered Congress and controlled the government in all its departments, continued from session to session, to obstruct any action favorable to Oregon; and this was the policy the leading statesmen of the South had adopted as their guide; in giving shape to their action it became necessary to provide governments for the inhabitants of two territories when at least one of them should have slavery as a counterpoise to freedom in the other.

Any one who will thoughtfully read the debates on the Oregon bill, as reported in the supplement to the Congressional Globe, will rise from that reading impressed with the conviction that the great battle which really settled the future of American slavery was fought during the first session of the 30th Congress on the field of the Oregon bill. And I hope our thirty years of intimate, friendly relations will shield me from any imputation of vanity and egotism, when I express to you the opinion that the Oregon bill would have failed, as had all previous bills, to become a law, but for untiring personal labors with members of Congress. No evening, save that of the

Sabbath, passed in which I did not spend at least an hour with some member of Congress whose opinions I sought to mould to the shape of my own; and sometimes when I seemed to be nigh losing courage, I gathered new strength and energy from the thought that He who holds in his hands the hearts of all men, can use even the most humble instrument in the accomplishment of great good.

Very respectfully yours, &c.,

J. QUINN THORNTON.

The following is the memorial referred to in the foregoing letter:

30TH CONGRESS, *1st Session.* [SENATE.] MISCELLANEOUS. No. 143.

MEMORIAL

OF

J. QUINN THORNTON,

PRAYING

The establishment of a Territorial Government in Oregon, and for appropriations for various purposes.

MAY 25, 1848.

Ordered to lie on the table, and be printed.

To the Honorable, the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America:

Your memoralist, a citizen of Oregon Territory, respectfully asks your honorable body that he may be permitted to call your attention to the rise, progress and present condition of the Territorial Government of that interesting and important country, and to the circumstances surrounding its inhabitants. This your memoralist respectfully asks permission to do, in order that he may be able to call your attention to the pressing necessities and wants of the people.

[Historical notice of the colonization of Oregon.]

With a title to Oregon the government of the United States became involved in a protracted and intricate diplomatic controversy with the government of Great Britain respecting it. Through how many years of doubtful negotiation the correspondence proceeded, and how often the two nations were believed to be upon the eve of a rupture, are now subjects which have become a part of the history of both countries. At length, while the honorable the Secretary of

State was laboriously engaged with his pen in a masterly vindication of our title to Oregon, the hardy and enterprising emigrant, unaccustomed to the forms and distinctions of diplomacy and the laws and usuages of nations relating to such questions, resolved upon terminating the dispute in his own way, and according to his own views of right and wrong, by means of his rifle, ax, and ox goad. It may not become your memorialist to express even an opinion as to the extent of the influence which was thus exerted upon the negotiations which finally resulted in the settlement of the controversy by the establishment of the Oregon treaty, signed at Washington June 15, 1846, and ratified at London July 17th, of the same year. It is, however, certain that during the pendency of the negotiations our citizens were forming prosperous settlements in the rich and beautiful valley of the Willamette, and were thus giving strength to our title resting upon occupancy. Whatever may have been the strength of the American title resting upon dis- (PAGE 1.)

covery, exploration, cession, and contiguity, an actual possession of the country by an agricultural people was wanting to render that title clear and indisputable. Nothing was complete without this, and this the immigrants into Oregon gave to the nation with a firm reliance upon its sense of justice, for such liberal grants of land as would in part at least remunerate them for their pecuniary sacrifices and exhausting toil in performing the journey. In exchanging their former places of residence for a habitation in the wilderness between three and four thousand miles distant from the capital of that country to which they were still attached by the ties of duty, not less than those of admiration, kindred, and affection, they not only proposed to improve their condition by providing homes for themselves and for their offspring, but they believed that they would thus assist in bringing to an honorable and satisfactory termination a protracted and harassing dispute. And if, impressed with the solemn conviction that territorial disputes have at all times been found a fertile source of national hostility, and that most of the wars that has desolated the earth have thus originated, they have in any degree been instrumental in averting strife between two great nations, the language, laws, and commercial interests of which should unite in a lasting peace, they ought not to be made to feel that even their most pressing wants are neglected or forgotten.

The immigrants also flattered themselves that in forming settlements upon the distant shores of the Pacific, that they would be made the honored instruments, in the hands of the Great Ruler of nations, for establishing the institutions of Christianity, civilization and liberty, in

> "the continuous woods
> Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
> Save its own dashings."

Without intending to expatriate themselves from their country, or to renounce their citizenship in the land of their nativity for a home in Oregon, they cheer fully exposed themselves in small parties to the dangers and perils of a long and exhausting journey of many months, through hostile Indian tribes, and over arid deserts and bleak mountains. Having arrived at the end of their journey, with their little fortunes wrecked by the difficulties of the way, and with their bodies broken down by the fatigues of their long continued travel, they were at once exposed, not to the hardships and privations incident to the settlement of all new countries, but to those which were peculiar to their isolated condition; cut off as they were from the society and sympathies of civilized life, far distant from the inhabited borders of their native land, between which and them there was a vast region traversed by roving tribes of Indians, whose hands are against every man, and whose pedatory habits are the source of continued annoyance and danger.

The thievish propensities of the savages of the country, also, in which the immigrants settled, were likewise a cause of unceasing irritation and disquietude, and especially so since they were without an arm of the national defense to protect them, and without the weapons and ammunition necessary to enable them to protect themselves. In their immediate vicinity, too, were the subjects of a Princess, claiming the right to exercise a sovereign jurisdiction over the country, and possessing the power to crush the rising colony in its infancy, either by the force of arms, or by refusing to sell to them the supplies necessary to their existence. If political considerations prevented the former, and benevolence and good will a (PAGE 2.)

resort to the latter expedient, the immigrants nevertheless felt that they were in the power of a people whose interests were inimical to their own.

In addition to these embarrassing and untoward circumstances, while the subjects of the British empire were covered by the protecting ægis of its laws, the American immigrants, although from year to year they hoped to see the parternal care of their government extended over them, were from time to time doomed to bitter disappointment, and to realize that they were without just and equitable laws to govern them, and to feel that they occupied the extraordinary and in every way anomalous position of a people who, without having either renounced their country, or been renounced by it, were nevertheless without one.

We love to dwell with something more than even classic reverence upon the story of our pilgrim fathers, who, landing upon the bleak coast of New England, established a State, without a king, more lasting than the rock upon which they disembarked. The heart of the patriot, too, swells with emotions of a just and honorable pride, and with gratitude to a watchful and guiding

Providence, as he reads the history of the colonization of Jamestown, and observes so many instances of self-sacrifice, and of hardships and privations, borne with a high degree of the most heroic fortitude. But your memorialist trusts that he may be permitted to express the opinion that all history, both ancient and modern, may be challenged to furnish an instance of colonization so replete with difficulties met and overcome, so fraught with circumstances of discouragements sustained and submitted to, as those which characterized the settlement of the beautiful and fertile valley of the Willamette. Distant from the land of their nativity, surrounded by restless tribes of Indians, who clamorously and insolently demanded of the immigrants pay for lands which the immigrants had neither the means nor the right to purchase; still ardently desiring to have their names and their destiny connected with that of the republic; and yet, often pierced to the heart by the thought, which would sometimes, unbidden, obtrude itself upon the mind, that they were the victims of their country's neglect and injustice; and suffering all the inconveniences and embarrassments which are necessarily felt by a resident and civilized community without a system of laws for the conservation of peace and order, they were at length compelled to organize and put in operation a provisional form of government.

In performing this arduous and difficult labor, so necessary to the removal of a suspense that rendered the people discontented and unhappy, and of an uncertainty that discouraged their efforts, and depressed their energies, they had to meet and remove obstacles to the administration of a temporary system of government which are unknown in establishing one of a permanent form; yet, fully impressed with the solemn conviction that it was better to unite the sinews of government in the hands of even a single despot and tyrant than to encounter the anarchy and confusion of a multitude without law, they addressed themselves to the task, difficult as it was, feeling that they merited the respectful consideration of your honorable body, and that at least they would no longer be wanting in duty to themselves.

The first effort which was made with a view to the organization of a civil government in Oregon was made at Champoeg, which at that time was the seat of the principal settlement in the Willamette valley. This was on the seventh of February, 1841, when, as the record shows, "a (PAGE 3.)

meeting of some of the inhabitants was held" "for the purpose of consulting upon the steps necessary to be taken for the formation of laws, and the election of officers to execute the same." The late Rev. Jason Lee, at that time the superintendent of the Methodist mission among the Indians of Oregon, was called to the chair. He advised the selection of a committee for the purpose of

draughting "a constitution and code of laws for the government of the settlements south of the Columbia river."

The names of persons regarded by the meeting as suitable were recommended to the people at large for governor, and for all other necessary officers. A resolution was also passed "that all settlers north of the Columbia river, not connected with the Hudson's Bay Company, be admitted to the protection of our laws, on making application to that effect." On the 18th of the same month, persons were elected to fill the various offices, and they were instructed "to act according to the laws of New York," until other laws were adopted. They did not, however, enter upon the discharge of their duties. At a meeting held on the first of July, of the same year, the committee which had been appointed at the meeting of February 7th to draught a constitution and laws were instructed to confer with Capt. Wilkes, U. S. N., and John McLaughlin, Esq. After this conference it was decided by a majority to be inexpedient, at that time, to proceed with the contemplated organization, and that the moral sense of right and wrong, by which the people had up to that time been held together as a community, was sufficient. The real cause, however, of this diversity of expression did not, perhaps, arise so much from the conviction that a civil government was unnecessary as from a sense of an inability to pay the officers a just compensation. The people were few in number, greatly reduced in their pecuniary circumstances, occupying portions of the country remote from each other; engaged in felling forests, cultivating fields, and in other ways giving their utmost attention to supplying the pressing wants of themselves and their families. They were, too, without either books (excepting one copy of the Iowa Statutes), to which to refer for assistance in framing their laws, or a press upon which to print them when framed.

The difficulties and inconveniences incident to the peculiar condition of the the colonists being more sensibly felt, and all realizing, at length, that something more efficient than a moral sense was requisite to the suppression of wrong and the maintenance of right, a meeting of the citizens was held on the first Monday of March, 1842, to consider "the propriety of taking some measures for the civil and military protection of the colony," and for the purpose of taking "into consideration" "measures for the protection" of the herds against wolves and panthers. At this meeting civil and military officers were elected, the latter being instructed to form one or more companies of mounted riflemen. A legislative committee, consisting of nine persons, was also appointed to draught a constitution and code of laws, with instructions to report at Champoeg on the fifth of July. This committee having finished the task assigned to it reported a constitution establishing a provisional government, with a triumvirate executive styled "the Executive Committee."

The laws reported by this committee, although subsequently amended, prove that while they were not faultless, yet that the "legislative committee" had not proceeded rashly in laying the foundation of the civil (PAGE 4.)

superstructure. The great and only very material error committed was in the peculiar form given to the Executive.

The deliberations of the committee seem to have been characterized by dignity, moderation, and a respectful deference to each other's opinion. Their previous habits had not fitted them for debate; they received no compensation, and the condition of their domestic interests made it necessary for them to hasten away from the log cabin in which they legislated, and to return to their respective farms. Receiving no per diem allowance for their services, and the community which they represented being small and possessing but little political consideration, neither lucre nor glory allured to office, and they were therefore not under the influence of the seductions of either interest or ambition, prompting them to consume time in making speeches for effect upon a constituency that felt itself obliged to men of integrity and capacity who would accept of office. It is not wonderful, therefore, that "the legislative committee" ad dressed itself to its labor with energy and in good faith.

The following extract from the laws passed at that session will show the method proposed for defraying the expense of sustaining the provisional government during the fiscal year commencing July 5th, 1843, and ending June 18th, 1844: "That subscription papers, as follows, be put in circulation to collect funds for defraying the expenses of this government.

"We, the undersigned, hereby pledge ourselves to pay annually to the treasurer of Oregon Territory the sum affixed to our respective names, for the purpose of defraying the expenses of government; *Provided*, That in all cases each individual subscriber may at any time withdraw his name from the said subscription upon paying up all arrearages, and notifying the treasurer of the colony of such desire to withdraw."

The large immigration that came into the country in the autumn of 1843 assisted in effecting alterations in the face of the country, and in subsequent legislation. The organic law was regarded as being in some respects defective, and the land law was objectionable in some of its provisions.

In May, 1844, the people elected a second "executive committee" and a second "legislative committee." About that time the public records began to assume a connected form.

On the 18th June, 1844, "the legislative committee," having assembled at the falls of the Willamette, and received the first message of "the executive committee," proceeded to reconstruct the government. The executive power

was united in a single hand, the legislative powers were regulated and defined, a judiciary system was established, and an act was passed, the object of which was to create a revenue equal to the wants of an economical administration of the government.

The organic law thus passed by the legislative committee was adopted by the people, and is the present basis of the municipal regulations of the people of Oregon. Your memorialist having been informed that your honorable body is already in possession of a copy of this organic law, deems it unnecessary to make a more particular reference to it.

The second legislative committee having reorganized the government, and performed much labor during a session of nine days, adjourned June 20th.

The legislative committee again assembled at Oregon City December 16th, and continued in session eight days. Much important business was (PAGE 5.) transacted; but as the laws enacted do not particularly relate to the present wants of the people, so far as these would probably be affected by the action of your honorable body, your memorialist does not believe it to be necessary to refer to them with more minuteness. It may not, however, be improper to state, in this connection, that a few persons, respectable for their character and influence in Oregon, discussed about this time the question of the expediency and necessity of an independent instead of a provisional government. It was said that the geographical position of the country being such as to place it at so great a distance from the seat of the national government as to make it almost impossible to present the wants and wishes of the people, rendered the measure not only expedient, but necessary. The real cause, however, for this movement, was the discontent and even resentment felt in consequence of their seeming to have been left without protection, and in a state indicating abandonment by their country. They could not realize the difficulties with which the negotiations upon the subject of the title were beset, and hence they were not in a condition to appreciate the motives of the general government for the delay; but happily for them and the people of Oregon, the proposition was not favorably received. The people very generally looked forward with honest pride and hope to the time when the flag of their country would again wave above them, a visible sign that they had not been forgotten in their distant homes.

In the spring of 1845, his Excellency George Abernethy was elected the first governor of Oregon.

The appearance upon the Columbia of the United States schooner Shark, in 1846, cheered the hearts of our citizens in that distant territory; and upon the stars and stripes being displayed, they were greeted by the spontaneous shouts of our people, whose minds were filled with a thousand glorious memories

which clustered about the emblem of their country's nationality. An ensign and union-jack being among the few articles preserved from the unfortunate wreck of that vessel, these were, with peculiar appropriateness, presented to the provisional government of Oregon, through his Excellency George Abernethy, by Lieut. Niel M. Howison, the late commander of the Shark. This was emphatically the first flag of the United States that waved over the undisputed and purely American territory of Oregon, for it was about the 22d of February, 1847, that a confirmation of the news of the Oregon treaty was received. Powder sufficient for a national salute having with great difficulty been procured, the flag of our country was flung to the breeze on the anniversary of the birthday of Washington, and at midday a national salute was fired from an old rusty and dismounted gun, which had been given to us by a merchantman.

Every reasonable obstruction to the extension of the laws and jurisdiction of the United States over Oregon, arising out of the pendency of negotiations upon the title, having been removed by the Oregon treaty, our citizens expected, and they had a right to expect, that they would no longer be permitted to occupy their anomalous and extraordinary position. They could not believe that any local causes would be permitted to operate so as to prevent them from receiving that protection which was not a favor to be granted, but a right, which was not the less a right because of the circumstance of that weakness which has rendered it necessary for them to beset your honorable body again and again with memorials, which up to this time are unheeded. It was with grief and astonishment, therefore, (PAGE 6.)

that the people were informed by the immigrants who arrived in September, 1847, that your honorable body had adjourned without having done anything to relieve them from their peculiarly embarrassing, and, considered with reference to the Indians, even dangerous position. Your memoralist refers to it as a peculiarly embarrassing position, because the Provisional Government having a right to expect that the jurisdiction and laws of the United States would be extended over Oregon, it could not legislate efficiently and usefully so long as it was believed that a few brief months would bring in a new government, and perhaps entirely new measures and laws. A multitude of evils, which no one who has not lived in the country can understand or appreciate, sprung out of this uncertainty. Had the general government of the United States informed the Provisional Government of Oregon that nothing would be done within the next ten years, then, while the people would without doubt have expressed their profound regret, yet they would at least have been relieved from that uncertainty and doubt which had previously so greatly paralyzed their efforts. They would immediately have commenced a useful and permanent system of legislation; and

at the termination of the ten years, Oregon would have been ready to enter the American constellation as one of the very brightest stars in it. As it was, however, the intelligence was received with the profoundest sorrow, and a universal gloom pervaded the community as the conviction forced itself upon the mind, that they were again left to the serious inconveniences arising out of their extraordinary position, and to the perilous circumstances in which they were involved by being without arms and ammunition in the midst of savages clamorously demanding pay for their lands, and not unfrequently committing the most serious injuries by seizing property and by taking life, in consequence of the people having neither the ability nor the right to buy.

[For an act establishing a Territorial government in Oregon.]

A number of individuals from different portions of the Willamette valley at length met in Yamhill county, when a committee was appointed to draft a memorial praying for the passage of a law establishing a Territorial government in Oregon. That memorial was addressed to the Hon. Thomas H. Benton, and placed in the letter-bag of the barque Whiton, then in the Willamette, and about to sail. Some time afterwards it was proposed to elect a delegate to Congress. This was at length decided to be impracticable, because, 1st, we had no law authorizing such an election; 2d, because, if we had, there was not then time to give the notice, and do it before the only vessel would sail that could convey the delegate to the United Stares; 3d, because Congress not having passed a law establishing a territorial government, there was no law of the United States under which a delegate could demand to be received; and, 4th, it was not deemed expedient to elect a delegate with the expectation that a seat in the House of Representatives would be yielded to him from courtesy and the necessity of the case. Under the circumstances, therefore, the question was solemnly asked—Can nothing be done? To your memorialist it was said, that his position as judge of the supreme court of the Territory would probably cause your honorable body to confide in his representations and statements, and he was therefore urged to proceed immediately to the seat of the national government, and to rely upon your magnanimity and sense of justice for a compensation, in some manner, for his time, and the money which he might expend in the discharge of (PAGE 7.)

the duties imposed upon him by his entering upon the mission. I need not say that there was not a dollar in the treasury to meet these expenses. Your memoralist having received a letter from the Governor of Oregon to the President of the United States, stating the nature and objects of the mission, and, for reasons already mentioned, written not as an official but as a private letter, your memorialist proceeded without delay on board the barque Whiton, to St. Jose,

Lower California, from which port he was conveyed to Boston on board the United States sloop-of-war Portsmouth. With these explanations as to the position which he occupies, your memorialist prays your honorable body for the immediate passage of a law establishing a Territorial government in Oregon.

Your memorialist believes, when your honorable body shall have been made acquainted with the embarrassing circumstances in which your fellow-citizens of Oregon are situated, that, although you have done nothing for them up to this time, yet you will not—nay, you cannot—be guilty of the monstrous injustice of permitting an omission to extend to them the protection of the laws of their native country to mark another year. You have hitherto permitted this unhappy omission because of the impossibility of your knowing the real condition and wants of your brethren in that distant land. But now that you may obtain this information through one who has been an observer of the wants and condition of the country, he is sure that you will do that which will show how unreasonable were the allegations which some of the desponding immigrants have made, of cold indifference, and even of a criminal neglect.

Your memorialist is also encouraged to hope for prompt and efficient action upon this subject, from a consideration of the additional fact that the Oregon treaty has removed every obstacle which could be referred to as a reason for not granting to the colonists of Oregon the protection of the laws of their country, and the means of defence against the Indian tribes. And your memorialist would respectfully suggest, that it would ill-comport with the character of a great nation to urge, that protection could not be *afforded* to a people whose duty and allegiance have been tested by almost every variety of circumstance. Surely it will not be said that because the people of Oregon have done well in establishing a government in the administration of which internal order has been maintained to an extent equal to that of any State of the Union, that therefore they may be neglected, and exposed to the brutal outrages of ruthless savages upon their borders and in their midst. This would be making their well doing a misfortune, by withholding their rights. The continued expectation that their government will be superseded, prevents them from doing for themselves what their exigencies demand, and that which they might otherwise do. They are, therefore, weary of a *quasi* independence, and would rejoice to yield it up for something that may not be changed by the arrival of the next vessel that enters the Columbia.

Had your fellow-citizens of Oregon and the subjects of her Britannic Majesty who reside in the Territory, by cherishing for each other a feeling of hostility and rancorous enmity, become embroiled in an unnatural strife, instead of cultivating a spirit of benevolence, friendship, and good will, honorable alike to

both, the jurisdiction and laws of the United States would have been extended over that distant territory. This would have been done also, if the country, instead of now presenting an example of industry and (if the depredations of the Indians be excepted) tranquility, also unpar- (PAGE 8.)

alleled in the history of new colonies, had exhibited a scene of anarchy, confusion and bloodshed, unworthy of their origin and of the destiny of the country of their adoption. But how much better is it to extend the laws over a people already in the enjoyment of many of the blessings of a peaceful and well ordered State, than to be under the necessity of interposing your authority as a shield to prevent them from staining their hands with fraternal blood. Although they have felt an unconquerable desire for self-government—a desire nurtured and educated under the republican institutions of the land of their birth—yet their position has been so peculiar that they have felt the impossibility, under the circumstances, of making full provision for their present and future protection; and they have, therefore, husbanded their resources under a temporary government, cherishing a hope which they believed to be reasonable, that as soon as a suitable opportunity presented itself, a law would be passed establishing a Territorial Government. The settlement of the boundary question seemed to present that opportunity for the fulfilment of their most ardent hopes and the consummation of their most devout wishes. The extension of the laws of the United States over the people was an event looked to as promising a remedy for evils growing out of the fact that there were many important subjects upon which the provisional government had not, under the circumstances, the power to legislate. It was an event looked for, also, as one that would give additional importance to the country and a new impulse to trade and commerce, and would satisfy the mind upon the subject of a grant of lands.

That this anxiety was both reasonable and natural, would appear by adverting to the peculiarly interesting history of the country. For several years without any government except that which reason imposes, and without a law of any kind except the law of love, the penalties for the violation of which were inflicted by the conscience only, the people peacefully pursued their occupations during six days of the week, and on the seventh quietly assembled to listen to the preaching of the late Rev. Jason Lee, or to that of some of his fellow-laborers in the missionary field. It might be said of Oregon, with peculiar truth and propriety, "In those days there was no king in Israel, but every man did that which was right in his own eyes." But time brought changes, and in these changes originated the absolute necessity for that provisional government under which has grown up a prosperous and virtuous community, mature in its development, notwithstanding the population is a mixed one.

These facts connected with the history of the colonization of Oregon being made known to your honorable body, your memorialist cannot believe that the wants and the wishes of the people will be any longer disregarded.

[For a recognition of all private contracts, and all legislative and judicial acts, and for the transferring of suits, &c., to the new courts.]

Your memorialist would further represent that, under the organic law of Oregon and the enactments of the provisional legislature, contracts have been made, marriages have been entered into, divorces have been granted by the legislature and the judicial tribunals of the country; that judgments in courts of law have been rendered, and decrees in courts of chancery have been made, some of which have been satisfied, while (PAGE 9.)

others remain unsatisfied; and that actions and suits are still pending in the courts.

In order, therefore, that inextricable confusion and remediless wrong may not result from a change of government, your memorialist respectfully prays your honorable body that by the act establishing a Territorial government in Oregon, provision may be made for all suits, process, and proceedings, civil and criminal, at law and in equity, and all indictments and informations which shall be pending and undetermined in the courts established by the provisional government of Oregon, within the limits of said Territory when the said act shall take effect, being transferred to be heard, tried, prosecuted and determined in the district courts thereby established, which may include the counties where any such proceedings may be pending; and for all contracts, bonds, recognizances and obligations of every kind whatsoever, valid under the existing laws within the limits of said Territory, being in like manner valid under the act which may be passed to establish a Territorial government in Oregon; and for all crimes and misdemeanors against the laws now in force within said limits being prosecuted, tried and punished in the courts which may be established by said act; and for all penalties, forfeitures, actions and causes of action, being recovered under said act, in like manner as they would have been under the laws in force within the limits of said Territory at the time the said act shall go into operation.

And your memorialist further prays that all justices of the peace, constables, sheriffs, and all other judicial and ministerial officers, who shall be in office within the limits of said Territory when the said act shall take effect, be authorized and required to continue to exercise and perform the duties of their respective offices, as officers of the Territory of Oregon, until they or others shall be duly appointed and qualified to fill their places in the manner therein directed, or until their offices shall be abolished.

[For the continuance of existing laws and offices until a regular change.]

Your memorialist prays that in the act which your honorable body may pass to establish a Territorial government in Oregon it may be declared that the existing laws in force in the said Territory, under the authority of the provisional government established by the people thereof, shall continue to be valid and operative therein, so far as the same be not incompatible with the principles and provisions of the said act, and until the end of the first session of the legislative assembly of said Territory; and that the laws of the United States be thereby extended over and declared to be in force in said Territory, so far as the same or any provision thereof may be applicable.

[For extinguishment of Indian title.]

Your memorialist prays that measures may be adopted for extinguishing the Indian title to western Oregon, and to such other portions as may be deemed necessary for future settlements.

[For grants of land to the immigrants now in the country.]

Your memorialist further prays that your honorable body will pass an act making provision for the immigrants now in the Territory, obtaining (PAGE 10.) liberal grants of land in said Territory upon condition of their continuing to reside therein during five years consecutively from the passage of the said act. This condition is necessary to prevent lands from passing into the hands of men who have no intention of remaining permanently in the country. The inhabitants now in the country believe that they have some claim to a confirmation of the title to the homes which they have made, based upon the promises implied in your repeated legislation, in the fact that they have overcome many of the difficulties of the journey to Oregon; and by their settlements have introduced agriculture and civilization upon our shores on the Pacific, and by doing so gave to the nation an actual occupancy, which was the only circumstance wanting to make the title to the country clear and unquestionable.

The people of Oregon believe that they have a claim to land, derived from the provisions of their organic law, also. It should be remembered that they found themselves without government of any kind, and that they were thrown back upon the original elements of society. Thus situated, they organized a civil government, put it in operation, and have ever since continued to maintain it. They have acquired rights under the third article of the organic law, which your memorialist prays your honorable body to recognize in their principle at least.

And your memorialist prays that the civilized half-breeds of the country, who may become naturalized citizens, or who may declare their intention to become naturalized citizens, may receive the fostering care of the government; for there

is too much reason to believe that if their rights of property should not be guarded by law, they would be wronged, and their homes would be taken from them.

[For other grants during a limited period.]

Your memorialist also prays that like grants of land may be made to persons immigrating into the country within a reasonable number of years, upon condition of a residence in the country of five consecutive years from the day of the commencement of said claim. And he prays your honorable body to make this continued residence at least five years.

Many reasons might be referred to for making these grants to future immigrants during a limited number of years. All who are conversant with the wants and wishes of the people, know that they desire that these grants may be made. And those who are acquainted with the geography and condition of the country cannot but know that colonization, rather than revenue, should be kept in view in all legislation having regard to the Pacific coast.

[For grants for educational purposes.]

Your memorialist respectfully prays that your honorable body would make suitable provision for educational purposes, by setting apart for that object the sixteenth and thirty-sixth sections of each township, and also one entire township on the north side of the Columbia, and one on the south side of the same river, being so located, under the authority of the Territorial legislature, as not to interfere with the rights of actual lawful claimants. (PAGE 11.)

In a government like ours, resting upon the suffrages of the great body of the people, who not only in semblance, but in reality, have the care of their political institutions, the general diffusion of knowledge is necessary, in order that they may exercise their rights in a manner the most conducive to the prosperity of the nation, the preservation of its laws, and the purity of its legislative and judicial tribunals The education and mental training of the youth of the country is absolutely necessary, to qualify them for the care of our political institutions, and that they may possess the ability to exercise the powers of government in a manner the most conducive to the preservation of their civil and religious liberty. All history shows that where the people have not been educated they have always been the dupes of political demagogues, who were selfish rather than sagacious, and who learned to ruin by hollow pretences and professions of patriotism. Believing that the generous and ennobling sentiments to which his own breast is a stranger is a worthless and wicked pretence in others, he justifies himself in caressing a deluded and uneducated people he means to scourge as soon as they transfer their power to him.

If an uneducated people do not fall into the hands of demagogues, yet they

are sure, in time, to become the victims of the rapacity, avarice, and a thirst for power of another class who are even yet more dangerous, because they worship cunning, betray with a kiss, counterfeit wisdom, and so adroitly work upon the weakness, ignorance, and prejudices of their victims, that they at length obtain place as slimy reptiles are sometimes known, by a slow and laborious process, to arrive at the tops of pyramids.

But these political evils and social wrongs can be prevented by training the youth of the country in proper studies, and by animating them with a love of country and of virtue by the habitual contemplation of the character and example of distinguished American statesmen and warriors. Enlightened and instructed, they may set at naught the wicked designs of the hypocrite, who flatters and caresses those he means to sell as soon as he discovers that they are sufficiently debased to pass quietly and without resistance under the yoke of a new oppressor. But, if properly educated, the people will be able to sustain the institutions of the country not only against their own temporary excesses, but when their rulers contemplate wicked enterprises, and would cast down the ark of their country's liberty, they can extend their hands to stay that ark without danger of being smitten by death for presumption.

[For the extension of the revenue laws.]

Your memorialist would further represent that the failure to extend the revenue laws of the United States over Oregon, to establish a port of entry at the mouth of the Columbia river, and to appoint a collector, has operated injuriously. British subjects, engaged there in merchandise, have a greater amount of capital, more widely extended connexions, and cheaper and better goods, than the American merchants. But the collections of duties upon foreign goods, so far as this can be done consistently with the Oregon treaty, would place the American merchant in a better position, and, by affording an adequate protection as between the native and foreign merchant, create competition, and thus increase the amount of goods brought to the country, while it at the same time would reduce the prices. Under the present system, prices are enormously high, (PAGE 12.)

being from three to four hundred per cent. in advance of the retail prices of the western States, after goods have paid a land and water carriage thither from the Atlantic seabord.

[For an appropriation for a library.]

Your memorialist prays that the sum of ten thousand dollars may be appropriated, to be expended in the purchase of a library, to be kept at the seat of government for the use of the governor, secretary, legislature,

judges, marshal, district attorney, and such other persons and under such regulations as may be prescribed by law. The fact that the inhabitable part of the Territory is so remote from the seat of the national government, and that access cannot be had to any books or libraries, is a circumstance rendering it expedient to make this appropriation much larger than might, under other circumstances, be necessary. The necessary books of reports in the departments of law alone would cost a large sum, to say nothing of books upon the science of government, general politics, history, education, agriculture, horticulture, &c.

[For an appropriation to pay the public debt.]

On the first day of October, 1847, the public debt of Oregon was $3,242 31, for which the treasury notes of the provisional government are now outstanding, having been issued to the officers of the government, to be held until redeemed in specie or absorbed by taxation. This debt, it was believed, would necessarily be increased to about $10,000, by the legislature, which was expected to convene on the first Tuesday in December last. Your memorialist prays that a sum equal to the latter amount may be appropriated for the redemption of this debt. Oregon does not bring with her a large debt, a sanguinary war, and an expenditure of many millions; she is encumbered with a debt of a few thousand dollars incurred in the peaceful and rigidly economical administration of the civil government. She asks you to pay it. Justice demands it. The sum is far less than that which you would have expended had you governed the country yourselves.

[Columbia river.]

Your memorialist prays your honorable body to adopt some measures for the purpose of facilitating the arrival and departure of vessels trading into the mouth of the Columbia river. This is a subject of great importance to the people of Oregon; and the welfare of the country is intimately connected with it and essentially dependent upon it.

There can be no doubt in the minds of those personally acquainted with the geography of the country, that the people inhabiting it must be a commercial as well as an agricultural people. Preparations should therefore be made, at an early period, for shipping to enter the mouth of the Columbia.

[Appropriation for pilots.]

That the first reqnisite to this end is two experienced and sober pilots, there can be no doubt. There is now at the mouth of the Columbia river a bold and skilful pilot, but the number of vessels entering the river [PAGE 13.]

being few, his compensation is probably too small to induce him to remain. Your memoralist prays that an appropriation of two thousand dollars may be made, so as to give a salary of one thousand dollars to each of two pilots. This would, by creating competition, cause them to be always vigilant, so as to obtain from vessels the usual compensation in addition to the salary.

But that something more is necessary cannot be questioned. An exhibition of facts will assist in determining what improvements are necessary to the removal of a great obstruction to the rapid advancement of the country in commercial prosperity. This object it is certain cannot be attained by concealing real difficulties to the entrance of that river, instead of pointing them out and suggesting the means of surmounting them.

[Accidents at the mouth of the river.]

In 1792, Captain Gray, of the American ship Columbia, from Boston, entered the river and attained to a position fifteen miles within the cape. This was the first ship to enter this river, which in consequence received the name of the vessel. The channel was found to be "neither broad nor plain," and the captain upon getting to sea again seemed to feel relieved from much anxiety. The discovery having been communicated to Captain Vancouver, he sent Lieut. Broughton in the Chatham, who, after exploring, attempted to pass out, in doing which his vessel shipped a sea.

In 1811, the Tonquin, owned by the late John Jacob Astor, arrived off the mouth of the river. Her captain sent a boat to sound out the channel. The crew perished in the breakers. Another boat was sent to rescue those in the first boat, but the crew of this boat all likewise perished, with the exception of one man.

In 1817, Captain Biddle, of the United States sloop-of-war Ontario, was sent to take possession of Astoria; but the sight of the breakers upon the bar caused him to regard its passage as hazardous.

In 1829, the Hudson Bay Company's brig William and Anne, was wrecked at the entrance and all perished.

In 1831 the Isabella, belonging to the same company, was wrecked, but the crew survived.

In 1839, Sir Edward Belcher surveyed the bar in his Britannic Majesty's ship Sulphur, which grounded several times.

In July, 1841, the United States sloop-of-war Peacock was wrecked. Captain Wilkes, in his sailing directions, describes it as "exceedingly dangerous, from the force and irregularity of the tides, shifting character of the sands, and great distance of any landmarks as guides."

In September, 1846, the United States schooner Shark was wrecked in an

attempt to pass out. Her late commander, however, says, that "the introduction of steam, and the presence of good pilots, would render the passage over the bar comparatively safe."

In addition to the usual calms, the mouth of the Columbia river is likewise subject to those caused by Cape Disappointment and the adjacent highlands. It is also subject to currents, the direction of which varies with the rise and fall of the tide. The difficulties attending the taking of vessels up that river during the rainy season are greatly increased by the winds, which then usually blow down it. These, however, are all the difficulties capable of being entirely removed by the use of appropriate [PAGE 14.]

and obvious means; without these, it will be conceded that real dangers exist. Indeed, the historical facts to which your memorialist has briefly referred, are in themselves sufficient to prove that the dangers are not imaginary.

It ought not to be concealed that, in the rainy season, vessels are sometimes prevented from entering the river during thirty or forty days; and that others, during the same season, are prevented during an equal length of time from departing from the river. The currents of the Columbia are strong, and the channels little known, except to those who make it their business to become acquainted with its important changes. The repugnance to entering that river, which has been felt in consequence of the loss of the Peacock, is almost invincible. The effect of all these causes, when combined, has been a very great injury to Oregon. The unfortunate loss of the Shark threw another obstacle in the way of the commercial advancement of that Territory. But these vessels were not lost beeause there was not a channel sufficiently deep and broad for them, but because that channel was not known, and could not be supposed to be known, to the respective commanders.

[Remote consequences of these dangers.]

Nothing perhaps has tended more to retard the growth and prosperity of the country than the unwillingness of the whalers and merchantmen to enter the river. The people have, in consequence, been unable to dispose of the produce of their lands, whilst, at the same time, they have been under the necessity of paying the most exorbitant prices to merchants who, being without competition, are charged with establishing their own prices.

The following list will enable your honorable body to see the prices of Oregon generally, and not those of the merchant only:

Flour per barrel, $7 to $8.

Pork per barrel, $10.

Beef per cwt., $6.

Beans per bushel, $4.
Coarse split-bottomed chairs, without paint, per dozen, $24.
Plain rocking-chairs, without paint, $15.
Butter per pound, 25 cents.
Lard per pound, 12½ cents.
Tallow per pound, 10 cents.
Oats per bushel, 50 cents.
Day laborers, $1 to $1 50.
Rails per 100, $1.
Hauling per 100, $1.
Mechanics per day, $3 to $5.
Horse hire per day, $1 50.
Horses, small and indifferent, $40 to $80.
Wood per cord, $3 to $4.
Oxen per yoke, $50 to $80.
Wagons, second hand, $100 to $200.
Flour barrels, $1.
Fir lumber per 1,000 feet, $20. (PAGE 15.)
Pine, $40.
Potatoes per bushel, 75 cents to $1.
Turnips per bushel, 62½ cents.
Common wash-stand, $10.
Plain dining table, $15.
Stocking plough, $4 to $6.
Pickled salmon per barrel, $10.
Boarding per week, $3 50 to $4 50.
Cows, $20 to $50.
American work horses, $100 to $150.
Sheep per head, $5.
Cheese per ℔., 25 cents.
Shingles per thousand, $4.
Hewed timber, square and delivered, per foot from 6 to 9 cents.
Medium Irish linen, $2 to $3.
Coarse gray cassimere per yard, $5.
Coarse gray cloth, $7.
Fine blue, $13.
Medium hand saw, $3 50.
Wood saw, $3 25.
Second and third quality of felling axes, $3 75.

Medium white flannel per yard, $1 25.
Coarse calico per yard, 40 to 75 cents.
Lead per ℔., 20 cents.
Powder, coarse and indifferent, 50 cents.
Coarse brown sugar per ℔., 12½ cents.
Syrup per gallon, indifferent, 75 cents.
Molasses, indifferent, per gallon, 60 cents.
White lead, in oil, per ℔., 28 cents.
Window glass, such as would not sell here at any price, per box, $8 to $10.
Putty per ℔., 20 cents.
Coffee, indifferent quality, 33⅓ cents.
Cast steel spades, $3.
Iron per ℔., 12½ cents.
Wrought iron ploughs per ℔., 50 cents.
Indifferent salt per bushel, $1.
Russia duck, $1.
Hyson tea, $1 50.
Rice per ℔., 12½ cents.
Cradling scythes, $3 50.
Smoothing irons, $2.
Writing paper per quire, 75 cents.
Medium silk pocket handkerchiefs, $2.
Fine shoes, at the shop, $5 50.
Fine boots, at the shop, $12 to $15.
Very coarse boots, made in the States, $8.
Coarse cotton handkerchiefs, 50 cents.
Coarse half hose, $1.
Percussion caps per box, $2.
Drawing knives, $3 to $5.
Tools of every kind very high. (PAGE 16.)

Nails per lb., 25 cents.
Cooking stoves, medium size and pattern, $70 to $80.
Cast iron ploughs, stocked, $30 to $45.
Long coarse wool hats, $3.

But the absence of competition has not been the only element of the high prices of the merchant. The great length of the voyage to Oregon, the hazards to which they have been exposed in entering the river, and the time which said vessels lose in proceeding to their places of destination up the river, necessarily

increasing the expense, are probably also important elements of the high prices complained of.

[Means by which these evils may be avoided.]

Whatever may be the extent of the obstructions to the entrance of the mouth of the Columbia, it is at least certain that pilots, lights, buoys, and a steam tug-boat, would make it, for vessels that can pass the bar, one of the finest harbors in the world. It is conceded that nature has not done everything which art and human industry can do to make it all that it is desirable that it should be, or to make its present entrance safe and easy; yet if the labor and expenditure of money to which necessity excites is recompensed by the attainment, to the fullest extent, of the object sought for, that labor and expenditure should not be withheld.

At the time your memorialist left the Columbia river, for the seat of the national government, Mr. Reeve, the skillful and enterprising pilot at that place, was exerting himself to procure by subscription a sum of money that would enable him to build a small log light-house upon the high land of Cape Disappointment. But your memorialist is not yet prepared to believe that your honorable body will permit a handful of men, in a small, distant, and poor community in Oregon, still laboring under all the inconveniences incident to their peculiar, isolated, and neglected condition, to build light-houses for you.

Your memorialist asks leave to call your attention in this place to an extract from the report of the late Lieutenant Niel M. Howison, United States navy, to the commander of the Pacific squadron, printed by order of the House of Representatives, February 29, 1848. He says:

"The granaries are surcharged with wheat; the saw-mills are surrounded with piles of lumber as high as themselves; the grazier sells his beef at three cents per pound to the merchant, who packs it in salt and deposites it in a warehouse, awaiting the tardy arrival of some vessel to take a portion of his stock at what price she pleases, and furnish in return a scanty supply of tea and sugar and indifferent clothing, also at her own rate. I feel it particularly my duty to call the attention of government to this subject. This feeble and distant portion, of itself, is vainly struggling to escape from burdens which, from the nature of things, must long continue to oppress it, unless parental assistance comes to its relief. The first measure necessary is to render the entrance and egress of vessels into the mouth of the Columbia as free from danger as possible; and the first step towards this is to employ two competent pilots, who should reside at Cape Disappointment, be furnished with two Baltimore-built pilot boats, (for mutual assistance in case of accident to either,) and be paid a regu-

lar salary, besides the fees, which should be very moderate, imposed upon each enter- [PAGE 17.]

ing vessel. A light-house and some beacons, with and without lights, would aid very much in giving confidence and security to vessels approaching the river; but more important than all these would of course be the presence, under good management, of a strong and well-built steam-tug. The effects of these facilities would be to render certain, at least during the summer months, the coming in and going out of vessels, subtract from the premium on insurance, and give confidence to the seamen, who now enter for a voyage to Oregon with dread, reluctance, and high wages. It is not for me to anticipate the boundless spring which the vivifying influence of an extended organized commerce would give to the growth and importance of this country; its portrait has been drawn by abler hands, in books and in the Senate, but I must take leave to suggest that good policy requires the parent government to retain the affections of this hopeful offspring by attentions and fostering care; it needs help at this moment; and if it be rendered, a lasting sense of dependence and gratitude will be the consequence; but if neglected in this its tender age, and allowed to fight its own way to independent maturity, the ties of consanguinity may be forgotten in the energy of its own unaided exertions."

It cannot be doubted that something is necessary to be done which shall make the Columbia river at all times easy of ingress and egress; it only remains to show at how very small an expense, when compared with what has been expended in harbors or at the mouths of rivers on the Atlantic coast, this can be accomplished. Lighthouses, beacons, buoys and breakwaters, or sheltered anchorages, have uniformly received the attention of your honorable body, as affecting the commerce and general welfare of the country and the revenue of the government. The revenue cutter service, designed originally for the mere protection of the revenue against smuggling, is often employed during a considerable portion of the year in the direct assistance of vessels of all classes approaching our Atlantic coast. This service has been eminently approved by the great body of the nation, because it recommends itself to the humanity of the people, and to private interest not less than to the interest of the general government. And the system of lights, beacons, buoys and steam tugs, whether ordered by the general government, or the results of a sense of private interest, all tend directly to the same end, by lessening the dangers of the seas and of the approaches to our Atlantic coast.

Although the people of Oregon have been living a long time upon the Pacific side of the coast without the protection of the laws of their country, your memorialist believes that humanity is the same, or very nearly the same, there

that it is here, and that men there, as here, when they are by any means enabled to discover in what their interest consists, will usually approve of whatever tends to promote it.

To make the Columbia safe at all times in entering and departing, it is only necessary to combine these safeguards in such a manner as the present improvements and experience will permit.

A revenue cutter will be needed at the mouth of the Columbia. Since steam vessels are now coming into general use in this service, it is only necessary to combine the revenue cutter with a steam tug, combining all the qualities required in a steam-coast guard with those of a powerful tug or tow-boat, and to keep it usually stationed in Baker's bay, for the purpose of not only preventing smuggling, but also for towing merchant vessels and whalers in and out at that season when they are most exposed to de- (PAGE 18.)

lays and dangers. The same vessel could also take out the buoys for indicating the channel, and the lanterns for the light-houses, and the officers could be employed in superintending the erection of those houses.

[Remote advantages resulting from the use of the necessary means.]

The advantage resulting from affording these facilities to a country, which, in addition to its commercial importance, must always be the great agricultural section of the Pacific coast, would be immense. It would afford the people a remedy for the evil of enormous prices by encouraging merchantmen to come into the Columbia. It would, by encouraging industry, increase a production equal to the supply of the wants of your navy on the Pacific station. In two years from the time of placing a steam tow-boat and buoys at the mouth of the Columbia river, the beef, bread, flour, beans, &c., for the entire Pacific squadron, could be purchased in Oregon as cheap as they could be bought upon this side of the continent. This would, by creating a market, stimulate production. It would save shipment; and in addition to this, the provisions being always fresh, would not, as is frequently now done upon that coast, be condemned and thrown overboard. A call for information from the honorable the Secretary of the Navy would show that immense quantities of bread are annually condemned upon the Pacific coast as spoiled.

That Oregon would within two years, in addition to furnishing food for land troops, produce enough to supply the navy upon the Pacific station, is rendered probable by the following table of the productions of Oregon for the year 1846, as in part ascertained by assessors, and in part being estimates:

	Wheat—bush.	Oats—bush.	Peas—bush	Potatoes—bush.
Polk	20,000	14,720	5,200	6,100
Yamhill	24,546	5,217	1,009	10,076
Twality	33,000	21,000	5,400	13,000
Clatsop	8,000	5,217	6,400	7,000
Lewis	12,450	9,250	4,475	5,760
Vancouver	21,000	15,700	6,200	7,080
Clackamas	19,867	12,140	4,900	9,000
Champoeg	6,000	36,000	12,420	21,400
	144,863	129,244	46,004	73,416

In the month of April, 1847, there were exported 1,736 barrels of flour.

When your memorialist left Oregon, November 4th, it was believed that 180,000 bushels of wheat had been produced. The Whiton was principally laden with Oregon flour. The Janet was spoken off the mouth of the river, and was going in for a load that was in readiness for her to carry away. The brig Henry sailed about the same time, having a considerable portion of her cargo in flour. It was estimated that 4,000 persons had just arrived in the country, and yet flour was selling no higher than $7.50 per barrel.

It will be observed that no notice is here taken of beef and salmon, both of which, and especially the latter, may be put up to a large amount.

Nor are mills wanting, at which to grind the wheat when grown, there being at least eight. (PAGE 19.)

The capacity of the country for future production will be estimated by a little attention to a few facts. Dr. Marcus Whitman, who formerly resided in the great wheat growing county of Genesee, New York, and who has been during several years a missionary in Oregon, expressed to your memorialist the opinion that Oregon as a wheat producing country was, to say the very least, not inferior to the Genesee valley. He regarded middle Oregon as perhaps better adapted to the raising of sheep than any country in the world. The farmer in Oregon possesses many advantages over those in the States. The latter, with an ordinary stock of cattle, is usually compelled by the severity of the winter to feed to them in that season all, or nearly all, that he has grown during spring, summer and autumn. In Oregon the winter is much milder than it is on the Atlantic side, several degrees farther south. The grass frequently grows all winter. The Rev. George Gary, the late superintendent of the Oregon mission, informed your memorialist that on the 25th of December, 1845, he ate green peas grown in the open air in his garden in Oregon City, and taken from it on that day. Oregon City, if your memorialist is not mistaken, is in latitude 45 deg. 20 min.

north. The winter, commencing November 1st, 1846, and ending March 1st, 1847, was more severe than any that had preceded it in 36 years. The mercury in Fahrenheit's scale fell at one time, at Oregon City, to 2 deg. above zero; at Nisqually, Puget Sound, to 6 deg. below zero; and at the Dalles of the Columbia, to 8 deg. below. The snow remained upon the Willamette valley a foot in depth during three weeks.

An early extension of the jurisdiction and laws of the United States over Oregon would not only rapidly increase the agricultural productions of the country, but would develop mineral resources it has hitherto not been supposed to possess. No scientific explorations and surveys having yet been made, nothing of course is known beyond what is learned from a few causual observations. Minerals are usually found in mountainous portions of the country; but those in Oregon have been traversed by trappers and hunters only, who were incapable of making any examinations of the mineral resources of the countries over which they wandered. It is believed, however, that as the country becomes well populated by a civilized people, and scientific surveys are made, many valuable minerals will be discovered. Many persons, judging from the volcanic appearance of the country, believe that when metals shall be found, they will not be in their oxyds, but reduced by intense volcanic heat to a massive state. But there are some facts connected with the geology of the country which do not warrant this as a necessary conclusion. Your memorialist has found impure dark limestone, lying in thin sheets upon each other, and filled with a multitude of small fossil shells. In the immediate neighborhood he found basaltic rocks; and at a place a little more remote, scoriated basalt. At another locality he examined an immense bluff of yellow friable course sandstone. In the immediate vicinity was basalt; a little more remote, scoriated basalt. Near the mouth of the Columbia river a species of limestone is found, which, when burned and slacked, presents various colors, including orange, slate, yellow, and blue; near the place is basalt. At another locality, up the Willamette river, gray granite and basalt were found, very near to each other. The soil in many parts of the valley is colored by the oxide of iron; and your memorialist often found a species of the ore known as shot ore. (PAGE 20.)

Red and yellow ochre and plumbago are brought down the Columbia by the Indians. Lead is reported to have been found in small quantities among the Blue mountains. Fibrous gypsum is found in immense bodies at the head of the Willamette valley, in the side of the Callapooiah mountain, where a branch of the Willamette comes out. Dr. Marcus Whitman, the gentleman in charge of the mission at Walla Walla, informed your memorialist that a remarkably fine and beautiful species of gypsum may be obtained

in inexhaustible quantities on John Day's river, not far from the way leading from the Dalles to Walla Walla. He stated that it was also found upon Thompson's river. He also informed your memorialist that the Indians not unfrequently bring copper from a place north of his station, but south of 49 degrees. Specimens of platina ore have been brought from the country of the Flat Heads, and south of 49 degrees of north latitude. A Mr. Lattee, who was for a long time in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, informed your memorialist that the Indians often brought to the trading post platina and silver ore from the northern extremity of Queen Charlotte's island. There are coal indications near the Dalles of the Columbia, and also upon the Cowlitz river. An inexhaustible supply of bituminous coal of a good quality may be had upon Vancouver's island. It lies near the surface, is gotten out with crowbars, and it is near to good anchorage.

Although these facts are necessarily very imperfect and meagre, yet they are sufficient to show that it is probable that metals, when found, will be found in their oxyds, and not reduced to a massive state by volcanic heat, as has generally been believed.

[A good wagon road.]

Your memorialist would respectfully state that the immigrants endure great fatigue, and are exposed to losses and perils, which might be avoided by surveying, marking out, and making a good wagon road from the western settlements of Missouri to the Willamette valley. Such road being once made, and small military posts established along the line of communication, many of the most formidable obstacles to the performance of the journey would be removed.

There is reason to believe that a nearer and better route into the settlements of Oregon may be had by leaving the Oregon road on Bear river, and then passing north of the great Salt Lake to Ogden's river, and by crossing the Wyhee river and the Blue mountains north of Tlamath lake, so as to cross the President's range of mountains near some streams flowing into the Willamette. This route would probably conduct the immigrants into the Willamette valley a little south of Mount Jefferson, which is one of the great snow peaks of the President's range. Trappers in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company affirm that the valley of the Malheur river makes a good pass through the Blue mountains. Crooked river, which is a branch of the De Chutes, heads with Malheur river, and runs in a westerly direction. A road following these streams might, perhaps, be found, having sufficient grass.

That a pass may be found in the President's range, near to Mount Jeffer-

son, is made probable by the observations of Lieut. Fremont, in 1843, while traveling upon the river De Chutes. He says in his journal, page 119, that "a small trail takes off through the prairie, towards a low (PAGE 21.) point in the range, and perhaps there is here a pass into the Willamette valley." His camp that night was in latitude 45 deg., 2 min., 45 sec., north, and longitude 125 deg., 2 min., 43 sec.*

[A cordon of military posts.]

A wagon road from the western settlements of Missouri being established and graded, and facilities being provided for crossing the principal streams, the next measure in the magnitude of its importance, as affording assistance and protection to the immigrants, is the establishment of military posts upon this road, and at points so selected as at the same time to keep the Indians in check, and to form the nucleus of settlements for production of supplies to the posts and to immigrants. In addition to their ordinary duty, the soldiers might be employed with advantage in the transportation of the mail, or at least in the protection of those who might be engaged in that service. This would secure a more rapid, easy and less perilous communication between the settlements west of the Rocky mountains and those east of them, and would vastly increase the number of immigrants from the latter to the former. Considered, then, as a purely political measure, tending to a rapid colonization of our possessions upon the Pacific, the establishment of a cordon of military posts is important and necessary.

Although your memorialist could indicate the places at which, in his judgment, it would be proper to establish said posts, and assign the reason for this his judgment, yet, knowing that if they are ever established, the fixing of their location will become the duty of competent officers appointed for that purpose, he deems it inexpedient to remark upon this subject, aware as he is of a very natural and even commendable professional jealousy. Yet, there being one location of which mere professional skill and science cannot enable their possessor to speak *ex cathedra*, or with so much authority as a very humble immigrant, who has made it his business to make practical observations, your memorialist most respectfully beg leave to say that there is no place upon the whole line of communication so important for the establishment of a military post as the Grand Ronde. Mere scientific travelers and explorers have, in consequence of their want of a sufficiently practical acquaintance with the wants, the toils and dangers of the immigrants, as such, have hitherto wholly failed to see the importance of the position.

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*This is probably what is now known as Minto's Pass.

The Grand Ronde is one of the most beautiful and fertile valleys in Oregon, and is eminently adapted to agriculture and grazing purposes, if any reliance can be placed upon the statements of gentlemen who have passed through it. It lies in Middle Oregon and is surrounded by the Blue mountains, upon which there is an abundant supply of fir, pine and cedar. It is circular in form, as is denoted by its name. It is very productive and is sufficiently watered by streams running through it, and these are also said to have timber upon them. The Oregon road passes through it. A settlement cannot now be made in it in consequence of the opposition of the Indians. The presence of a comparatively small military force here would remove every obstacle, by affording protection to immigrants, who would immediately fill it. Its extent is sufficient for a large county.

Immigrants who had been detained until the coming on of the rainy season, or whose teams were broken down, might remain here during (PAGE 22.) the winter, or they might finally determine upon making it their place of residence. Others, who might require it, could obtain fresh supplies at this place, and then continue their journey into the Willamette.

Immigrants could usually arrive at this point without encountering any difficulties which could not be surmounted by using a little more than ordinary prudence and diligence.

Did not your memorialist feel that in presenting the condition and wants of the people of Oregon, he had already occupied more time than would be expedient under other circumstances, he could present many reasons for the establishment of a military post at this place, and could call the attention of your honorable body to other circumstances which indicate this as being the most important point on the Oregon road for the establishment of a military post, if it be at all an object with the general government to afford protection and facilities to the immigrants.

[General effects of colonizing our possessions on the Pacific coast.]

Considered purely as a political measure, it cannot be otherwise than an important object to colonize our possessions on the Pacific coast as rapidly as possible. A flourishing State or States upon the western side of the continent would, by means of an armed occupation of the places at which an enemy could debark, effectually resist his approach. The nature of the coast and of the country is such that the possession of certain points command the whole.

But a flourishing State upon the Pacific is important, not only as a military defence, but as opening the way for American enterprise and capital to

the commerce of Asia, which would be turned to our western coast as soon population and increased facilities for overland carriage will render it expedient for men of capital to send their commodities and merchandise through this channel rather than round Cape Horn.

[For an appropriation for purchasing seeds and agricultural implements.]

Your memorialist is aware that your honorable body, moved by the high and noble impulses of humanity, were very recently about to appropriate many millions of the public treasure for men and arms for the benefit of the people of Yucatan, who are strangers to you in blood and interest, in feeling, in language, and in laws, and who have never done anything to extend either your territory or your institutions. He is encouraged, therefore, to ask your honorable body to appropriate a few thousand dollars to be expended in purchasing seeds and fruits, and implements of husbandry, for the benefit of your distant, neglected, and forgotten brethren in Oregon, who are one with you in blood, interest, feeling, language and laws, and who, by removing to Oregon, and encountering all the toils and dangers of a long and exhausting journey, and the hardships and privations incident to a residence in that remote wilderness, have done much to extend both your territory and your institutions. There is not probably a gill of the seed of either red clover or blue grass in all Oregon. Nothing would give your memorialist more satisfaction than to be authorized to purchase seeds, fruits, and implements of husbandry, to be shipped on a vessel of war for the people of Oregon. While such a gift would be of infinite value to your distant (PAGE 23.)

and (as they feel) neglected colonists, it would be in the highest degree honorable to your wisdom and humanity.

[Conclusion.]

In conclusion, your memorialist would observe, that although he has referred to several particular wants of Oregon, yet while it was necessary to say at least as much as he has upon these, he earnestly begs that you will never cease to feel that the first great want of the people whose wishes and interests he is faithfully laboring to present to your view, is an act establishing a Territorial government of some sort. Your memorialist beseeches you to pass a good act; but at least let the people of Oregon have a bad one, rather than none—any law, rather than no law. They have a right to your protection, and they need it at this moment. The Indians demand pay for their lands. Early in the autumn, several persons were wounded, and one

was killed. His Excellency, George Abernethy, Governor of Oregon, despatched a letter to your memorialist, after he left Oregon City for the purpose of entering upon this mission, informing him that the Indians had renewed their outrages up the Columbia. Are your fellow-citizens thus to be any longer exposed to be robbed and butchered? Will you neither protect them, nor yet permit them to take a position in which they can provide permanently for their own defense against merciless savages?

The circumstances existing when your memorialist left Oregon, were such as to cause the most serious apprehension of a general Indian war. It is increditble that twelve thousand American citizens, more than three thousand miles distant from the seat of the national government, should neither be governed by you nor yet be permitted to make a declaration of independence, so as to place themselves in a position to discharge those duties incumbent upon them, and to enjoy those rights which are not denied to any of their brethren on the eastern side of the Rocky mountains; but which, if withheld, would deluge this country, and even this capitol, with fraternal blood. Your memorialist would adopt the language of a report made by the lamented late Lieutenant Neil M. Howison, and published among your documents: "I must take leave to say, that good policy requires the parent government to retain the affections of this hopeful offspring, by attentions and fostering care. It needs help at this moment; and if it be rendered, a lasting sense of gratitude and dependence will be the consequence. But, if neglected in this its tender age, and allowed to fight its own way to independent maturity, the ties of consanguinity may be forgotten in the energy of its own unaided exertions."

J. QUINN THORNTON.

FUNERAL ORATION.

DELIVERED BY COL. J. W. NESMITH AT THE TOMB OF GEN. JOSEPH LANE, AT ROSEBURG, OREGON, APRIL, 22, 1881.

FRIENDS: A great and good man, full of honors and of years has paid the debt of Nature and gone to his final account; we, his neighbors and friends, are assembled to pay honors to his remains, by consigning them to their final resting place. We now look the last time upon the kind and genial face of one of Oregon's oldest and best friends. The great heart that has beaten responsive to our welfare so long, is still in death, and the body that contains it bears the scars of honorable wounds received in defending our country's honor and in the protection of the early settlers of our State. A short time before our friend passed away, I received a letter from him filled with expressions of kindness, and from which I copy the following: "When it shall come my time to cross over, I shall expect you to be present at the laying away of all that remains of your old friend." Subsequently, when too feeble to hold the pen, he dictated, and the hand of affection wrote the request that I should speak a last kind word to his neighbors and his friends over his remains. With a sorrowing heart I shall attempt to comply with the last request of an old friend and comrade in arms, who was once my commanding officer. Conscious that our deceased friend's best eulogy is to be found in the somber history of his long and eventful life, and in the virtues that adorned his character, I shall attempt no fulsome panegyric, but will confine myself to the narration of a few historical facts connected with the services he has rendered to his country and to his adopted State.

Joseph Lane was born in North Carolina, on the 14th of December, 1801. His father removed to Henderson county, Kentucky—then a frontier State—in 1804. The educational advantages of the son were meagre. From early boyhood until he attained the age of twenty years, he was alternately employed upon the farm, in the office of the county clerk, and in a country store. In 1820 he was married to Polly Hart, and settled upon a farm in Vanderburg county, Indiana. The following year he was elected to the

legislature. For twenty-five years, almost continuously, he represented his county in one branch or other of the State legislature. When the war commenced with Mexico in 1846, he resigned his seat in the State senate and enlisted as a private soldier, his company, with several others, having assembled at New Albany and formed a regiment. Lane, the private soldier, was elected Colonel. Shortly afterwards he received from President Polk a commission of Brigadier General. He immediately set out for the seat of war in command of three regiments of Indiana volunteers, and in two weeks' time landed at the Brazos and reported for duty. His brigade was assigned to Major General W. O. Butler's division. At the battle of Beuna Vista he commanded the left wing of the army, and commenced the action by attacking a division of the Mexican army numbering 50,000, commanded by General Ampudi. In the course of the battle he was in the hottest of the fight, and was severely wounded by a musket ball, which passed through his right arm near the shoulder, but remained upon his horse and in command of his troops until the enemy were routed and driven from the field. That night he received complimentary congratulations from the "Rough and Ready" old soldier, General Taylor, who never wasted words in undeserved praise. Thus within a few short weeks after the farmer was engaged in peaceful pursuits upon the banks of the Ohio, he had "set a squadron" in the field and developed the able General, successfully commanding a division of the army in one of the hardest fought and bloodiest battles of the war. In June, 1847, he returned to New Orleans, where the Indiana regiments were disbanded. Returning to General Taylor's line he was ordered to join General Scott. Landing at Vera Cruz September 16th, he took up the line of march for the City of Mexico, in command of 3,000 troops. On October 9th he defeated Santa Anna at Humantilla. On the 19th he attacked a strong force of guerillas at Alixco and took the place. On the 29th he dispersed another guerilla force at Tlascala. On November 22d he took Matamoras, which was strongly fortified, capturing a large amount of ammunition and military stores; and on December 14th reached General Scott's headquarters in the City of Mexico and was highly complimented by the hero of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane. The brilliant exploits of General Lane and his brigade of 3,000 men on this memorable march from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, have but few parallels in the annals of modern warfare. Their line of march was over the same general route pursued by Cortez in his conquest three hundred and twenty-eight years before, and which Prescott has so graphically described. To successfully conduct an aggressive campaign, with a mere handful of troops in the heart of an enemy's coun-

try, gives evidence of a high order of military talent possessed by the commander, who had but a few months' experience in the art of war. On January 15th, 1848, General Lane left the City of Mexico under orders to scour the country between the capital and Vera Cruz, to rid it of guerilla marauders. After an unsuccessful attempt to surprise and capture Santa Anna, he took Orizaba, and was engaged in other successful partisan operations. On February 16th he was sent out by General Scott in pursuit of the robber, Jarauta, and on the 21st reached Tulacingo, where General Paredes narrowly escaped capture. On the 24th he came up with Jarauta at Tehautaplan, where a severe fight ensued, in which Jarauta was wounded. This was the last fighting in the Mexican war. From the mere, brief mention that I have made of General Lane's career in Mexico, it must be conceded that he exhibited soldiery qualities of no ordinary character. By the secrecy and celerity of his marches, the quick, hard and unexpected blow, together with his plain and unassuming demeanor, he gained the sobriquet of "The Marion of the Mexican War," and all adventurous, enterprising soldiers, who sought distinction by hard service, desired to serve in "Lane's Brigade." He had great natural talent for the military profession, which, with wider and broader opportunities, would have developed the most brilliant of soldierly qualities. No officer of his rank, who served in that war, rendered so important services to his country, or gained greater fame by his courage and intrepidity, than our deceased friend.

Of all the generals who served in that war, he was the last survivor. Scott, Taylor, Worth, Wood, Butler, Kearney, Patterson, Pierce, Kerney, Pillow, Shields, Cushing, Cadwalder, Quitman, and last, Lane. All have fallen into line, in waiting for the bugle call.

> "On fame's eternal camping grounds,
> Their silent tents are spread,
> And glory guards with silent rounds
> The bivouac of the dead."

In 1848, Congress having passed an act organizing a territorial government for Oregon, General Lane was appointed the first Governor. He crossed the plains with a small escort by the way of New Mexico and Arizona, arriving in San Francisco in February, 1849, where I made his acquaintance, and was his fellow-passenger on board the old fast India brig *Jannett*. On his arrival at Oregon City, March 3d, he issued a proclamation, and at once assumed the duties of the office, which he discharged until August, 1850. As Governor he was prompt and efficient in the discharge of his duties, and during his administration he caused the arrest, trial and execution of the Indians who had participated in the Whitman

massacre of 1847. In 1851 he was elected Territorial Delegate to Congress, and was successively elected until the State was admitted into the Union in 1859, when he was chosen United States Senator, and was an unsuccessful candidate for Vice President in 1860. In 1861 his senatorial term expired, when he returned to private life. For the next fifteen years, with his book and gun, his life of quiet and dignified retiracy was passed near the summit of a neighboring mountain. During the recess of Congress in 1853, General Lane was engaged in gold mining in the Rogue River Valley, when suddenly the Indians assumed a hostile attitude, killing many persons and burning nearly all the houses from Cow Creek on the north to near Jacksonville. He at once rallied the settlers, and was placed in command, and driving the Indians north in the direction of the Umpqua. On the 24th he fought the battle of Evan's Creek, where he was severely wounded. Subsequently, and through his efforts, the treaty of Table Rock was concluded on the 10th of September, and under it peace was maintained for the succeeding two years.

I served under his command in the Rogue River campaign of 1853. We had in 1849 explored together the regions of the Siletz and Yaquina Bay, and I believe we were the first white men that crossed out over the bar at Yaquina. We made the passage in an Indian canoe, and imperfectly sounded the channel to the sea. In other explorations and associations I had ample opportunities to know General Lane well. During the ten consecutive years that he represented the Territory and State in the national councils, he was always prompt and efficient in the discharge of his duties, and Oregon is indebted to his efforts for much valuable legislation. His name is honorably engraven upon the pages of our early history, while his reputation is of a national character. As an officer in command of troops, he was strict in the enforcement of discipline, while his thoughtful care for those under him, and the inherent kindness of his nature, caused his subordinates to regard him with the affection of a father. As the swift messenger, that mocks at time and space, spreads the news of the death over the broad republic, many a warworn veteran will drop the silent tear.

When the brave guardians of a country die,
The grateful tear in tenderness will start,
And the keen anguish of the reddening eye
Discloses the deep affection of the heart.

In all the exalted positions that General Lane occupied, he never forgot his origin as one of the toiling people; his respect for the dignity of labor was such that the humblest farmer or mechanic always found in him a sympathizing friend ready to aid and advise. He lead a life of remarkable ab-

stemiousness and frugality, coupled with industry, to which may be attributed his preservation of bodily health and sound intellect to the age of fourscore years.

During the latter years of his life, when advancing age and the pain of his old wounds disqualified him for great physical exertion, he became a hard and constant student, devoting the most of his time to the study of the works of the best authors, and thus acquired a great fund of scientific and valuable information, for the acqusition of which opportunities had been denied him in his youth. In private life he was a man of pure and noble sentiments, eminently kind, sociable and agreeable. He was generous to a fault, and suffering humanity never appealed to his pocket in vain, as long as there was anything in it. I recollect that when the government sent out a paymaster with funds to pay us for our services in the Rogue River war of 1853, he signed the pay-roll, and directed that every cent of his pay should be turned over to some destitute orphan children, survivors of the Boise massacre; and then borrowed money from a friend to purchase a suit of clothes and pay his expenses to Washington city, from whence he promptly remitted payment as soon as he drew his mileage. In his association with the world he was always the gallant, chivalrous, polite and modest gentleman. Those were inherent qualities which the rough garb of the farmer, miner, hunter, frontier Indian fighter, gold-bedizened epaulets and uniform of the general, or the habiliaments of the governor, or the senator, could never change or obscure. He always treated ladies with the greatest deference, while children rarely escaped his caresses. In old times we used to joke him about his fondling with children, as a means of obtaining popularity, but those of us who know him longest and best came to regard it as an evidence of the gentle kindness of his great heart. He had associated much with the distinguished men of his time, and among those were Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Marcey, Buchanan, Douglas, Seward, Chase and others known to fame. He personally knew General Jackson, and was at the impressible age of fourteen when the battle of New Orleans was fought. Many of his Kentucky neighbors and friends had marched to the aid of Jackson, and the defence of the imperiled city, under General John Adair, and when they returned home were full and overflowing with the praises of Jackson, who had long before won the admiration of the people of the southwest by the brilliancy of his Indian campaigns. Those things made an impression upon the boy's mind that death alone could eradicate. Jackson's honest, plain, simple political creed, coupled with his superb achievements and dauntless courage, made him Lane's beau ideal of the soldier-statesman and patriot. It was the homage that one honest and

brave man pays to those qualities in another. I have often thought that General Jackson furnished the model after which Lane's character was formed. We know that they possessed many splendid traits in common. Both were the product of frontier civilization, and Nature had been more lavish in her bounties with them than the schools. Each had gained great distinction in the military services of the country, while simplicity of character, honesty and directness of purpose, and sympathy with the people, were their common characteristics. Perhaps by some intuitive process each had adopted and adhered to views upon the great questions of tariff and finance which were in accord with the master minds of the world that have attempted to elucidate those recondite subjects. Both were brave and unselfish patriots, whose chief desire was the welfare of their fellow-citizens.

Gen. Lane was always exceedingly scrupulous about the large sums of public funds at different times entrusted to his care for disbursement, and no complaint was ever made of his appropriating to his private use a dollar not his own. Rings, lobbyists and jobbers never had his aid, while he despised every form of peculation and frequently denounced the peculators. He sincerely believed that all moneys wrung from the hands of the toiling people in the form of taxes should be honestly appropriated to public uses. I never knew of his being engaged in litigation, and he would as soon thought of compromising his honor as an honest debt. In danger or in battle he was always cool, discriminating and alert, and as brave as a lion. I do not think that the man knew what fear was when he had a duty to perform.

I speak of his dauntless courage by the light of experience I had in standing by his side under the frowning shadows of Table Rock on the 10th of September, 1853, when our little party of eleven men, unarmed, and the General badly wounded, were surrounded by seven hundred hostile and well armed savages, who threatened our lives in retaliation for the death of one of their tribe. It was then that the eyes now closed in death seemed to emit sparks of fire, and the now paralyzed tongue poured forth words of natural eloquence, mingled with a haughty and dignified defiance that seemed to inspire our enemies with an awe and admiration due to some superior being. But for the coolness, the defiant courage evinced by our commander, I believe our little party would have furnished another illustration of the barbarous instincts of the savage for the treacherous shedding of blood.

During our friend's illness, he had all the loving sympathy, kind care and attention that most devoted filial affection could bestow, and sank to rest surrounded by three generations of sorrowing descendants. Our friend has

departed to "that undiscovered country whose bourne from whence no traveler returns," and we are sadly admonished that "the paths of glory lead but to the grave." His good deeds will survive and his memory will be cherished. As we review his long and honorable career his friends will have no occasion to invoke protection from the charitable maxim, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. Whatever of enmity has ever existed between him and others, on account of ephemeral political differences, are silenced, however, in the solemn presence of death. How sorry and contemptible would those transient asperities appear if paraded at the portals of the tomb; and for my own part I contemplate their past existence with emotions of sorrow and regret.

Farewell! good, brave and generous old friend. With heavy hearts we consign your honored remains to their last, long home. May they rest in peace!